LETTERS

OF A

SOLITARY WANDERER.

VOL. I.

THE

LETTERS

OF A

SOLITARY WANDERER:

CONTAINING

NARRATIVES

OF

VARIOUS DESCRIPTION.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

SINCE I began this Work almoſt two years have elapſed, and the two firſt volumes have been printed nearly half that time. My original intention was to publiſh ſix volumes, each containing a ſingle Narrative, which the Solitary Wanderer is ſuppoſed to collect in the countries he viſits.

Books of entertainment, uſually deſcribed as Novels, are ſuppoſed to be, if not excluſively, principally read by young perſons; and much has

has been ſaid of the inutility and the danger of that ſpecies of reading.

Of the danger I mean not to ſpeak, except to remark, that a young woman who is ſo weak as to become in imagination the Heroine of a Novel, would have been a fooliſh, frivolous, and affected character, though ſhe had never heard of a circulating library.

That Novels are at leaſt uſeleſs where they are not pernicious I cannot allow: if they do not inſtruct, they may awaken a wiſh for uſeful knowledge; and young perſons, who have no taſte for any thing but narrative, may ſometimes, by the local deſcription of a Novel,

a Novel, learn what they would never have looked for in books of Geography or Natural Hiſtory.—The dangers and diſtreſſes that are expected to form the greater part of the ſtory in every Work of this kind, may be imagined amidſt the moſt intereſting period of hiſtory, without, however, falſifying or miſrepreſenting any material or leading fact. I have endeavoured to conſtruct theſe volumes in ſome degree on this plan. It is my preſent purpoſe to prepare the remaining part of the Work for publication early in the enſuing ſummer.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

October 20th, 1800

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

WHEN I undertake to give you a regular account of my wanderings, or at leaſt as regular as my rambling life will admit of, you will own that I have done right in determining to try if continual change of ſcene will not relieve me from the deep depreſſion I have now for ſome months vainly endeavoured to conquer. Already I feel myſelf better able than I was to converſe upon paper, though I ſtill would fly from the well-meant importunity of thoſe who

will not let me be ſick or miſerable my own way, but continually diſtreſs me with inquiries and remonſtrances, and ſay: "What aileth thee? and wherefore is thy countenance overcaſt, and thine heart diſquieted?" when, if *they* cannot underſtand, I cannot explain why I am unhappy.—Ah! how difficult it is to communicate to others what one feels! After all, how little impreſſion does it make!—And *cui bono*, if it made any, when the evil is not of a ſort that friendſhip and reaſon united can cure?—Beſides, every man has either pains or pleaſures of his own which are ſufficient to engage him. You, my good friend, are a married man, have a wife and a family, and live a ſober and undoubtedly an happy life; but I, who ſhall *now* never ſeek for the ſame ſpecies of happineſs, doubt whether I could make even you enter into my ſenſations, or ceaſe to accuſe me of miſanthropy, or even unmanly and unworthy repining.

Enough of all this—Since you perſiſt in deſiring it, I will tell you the nothing I *do*, and leave all *ſentiment* out of our correſpondence; but then you muſt not be diſpleaſed at having perpetual deſcription, little narrative, and ſtill leſs character. My hills will boldly ſwell, my woods wave over as many nightingales as I can collect, my caſtles frown, and my ſtreams fall, or murmur, or glitter, as luxuriouſly, and as frequently, as if I were the wandering and perſecuted heroine of a modern novel in the very neweſt taſte. You may be aſſured, that ſhould I meet with either ghoſt or banditti, I will not fail to engage them to

> Deepen the horrors of the falling floods,
> And breathe a browner horror on the woods.

There is but little originality of character any where to be met with—the affluent are poliſhed to a certain level of intellect—the poor are the mere creatures of neceſſity.—But I believe, when you

deſire to hear not only *what* I meet with but who, you deſire leſs to amuſe yourſelf than to detach my ſtyle at leaſt from that ſubject which dwells neareſt my heart.

I think you were acquainted with my determination to go Northward. I will not ſend you a detail of the poſts, nor ſay how often on the windows or wainſcots of the inns I found tender *notices* of lovers on their way to Gretna-Green; ſuch as

P. L. the happieſt of mankind, was here on Friday, the 22d of May, 17 , with his adored E. W.—Or

Alonzo and his angelic Seraphina changed horſes here on the 16th of March, 179 .

Theſe happy pairs either feared no purſuit, or could not reſiſt recording their felicity by memorandums, which, if they thought at all, they might ſuppoſe would be overlooked by their purſuers. It is not a queſtion, whether the adored

adored E. L. and the angelic Seraphina appeared quite ſo adored, or ſo angelic, twelve months after theſe dates?

I ſhall get out of the beaten track, which is called the Great North Road, as ſoon as I can, and ſhall continue my courſe along the coaſt of Yorkſhire, a part of England I have never ſeen, though I believe there is very little to ſee.

Adieu.

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Adieu.

LETTER II.

AT this lonely inn, or rather alehouſe, where I have taken up my temporary abode, I enjoy the ſeclusion I have ſo long ſought. The ſimple folk who keep the houſe, were they to-morrow to find me dead, would have no other concern than to diſcover whether I had effects enough about me to pay for Chriſtian burial; for undoubtedly it would ſhock *them* extremely to comply with the requeſt I have, you remember, made to my friends—to be depoſited under the turf of the neareſt hill, beneath the rugged ſurface of a wild heath, the ſhade of the next copſe of hazle, or group of beech.

Well! it will not come to that yet; for I feel the advantage of changing the air and

and of new ſcenes on my outward man, though my mind is ſtill inert and torpid. I wiſh it was November.—This gariſh green, theſe ſoft unfolding leaves, this luxurious graſs ſpangled with wild flowers, awaken the memory to recollections of bliſs—fled, fled for ever. Nature is again lovely; the object that once made ſcenes even ruder than theſe more delicious than a fabled paradiſe, is gone.

I am afraid my heart is changed; for I have felt myſelf peeviſh at the ſight of happineſs, or that ſtate which we are contented to call ſo; and I turn with ſick diſguſt from the view of re-animated nature. It is childiſh, it is unmanly, you will tell me. I believe it is, and you ſee I have undertaken to cure myſelf by a courſe of which you have no opinion. If it fail, I will then, according to the terms of our convention, ſubmit to the regimen that you think ſo much better.

My preſent temporary reſidence is in a cottage on the boundary of an

hilly common, under the ſhade of a tuft of old oaks, that mingle their giant arms on the other ſide with the trees of a tract of foreſt land frequent in this country. Eaſtward, at the diſtance of three or four miles, riſe the wolds, and begin that chain of elevated ground, which, running northward, ends in the extreme part of the iſland.

Without books, and with no other companions but my ſervant and my two horſes, you will think my lingering in ſuch places as I have deſcribed a very ſtrange plan: and you deſpiſe, I know, the purſuits of the botaniſt, or the mineralogiſt, which I have occaſionally taken up with ſome degree of intereſt. You opine, that it is of no manner of importance to the world whether ſome plant of no known uſe, or evident beauty, is found in a ditch in Yorkſhire, or in a bog in Lincolnſhire; nor can you prevail upon yourſelf to care, whether the ſtrata beneath the ſurface of any given extent

extent of land be argillaceous or calcareous. When, however, it is conſidered, that to the cultivation of theſe two branches of ſcience mankind owes ſo many of the neceſſaries and conveniences of life, I cannot think the purſuit of them uſeleſs. The firſt, I own, uſed to intereſt and ſoothe my mind beyond any other ſtudy; but now I am in a ſtate of ſpirits when it would rather depreſs than charm them. You need not therefore apprehend that I ſhall talk much of my diſcoveries of rare plants.

Of objects of that ſtudy, which is alone, you think, worthy of a rational or at leaſt a reaſoning being, there are not likely to be many; yet even this remote and ſolitary houſe has its little knot of politicians; and here, once a week, ale and argument

——————— "impart
"An hour's importance to the poor man's heart."

I have not unfrequently liſtened to the

village politics, and ſometimes admired the ſolid though uncultivated underſtanding of the illiterate peaſant, or farmer, juſt able to read a newſpaper three weeks old to the ruſtic circle. Alas! I will own, that I have been oftener humbled by ſeeing the ſpark of heaven, called reaſon, ſo obliterated and extinguiſhed by ſavage ignorance, and propenſities which degrade the man beneath the brute, that I have doubted whether ſuch men ought to rank as human beings. What becomes of the ſouls of theſe animals? But, indeed, what becomes of thoſe of madmen or idiots?—I will not, however, ſtart a queſtion in metaphyſics, which you, perhaps, would anſwer in a very ſummary way.

I have juſt received your laſt letter.—So, you really think I ſhould do better to reſort to ſome of thoſe public places, of which the North of England boaſts a conſiderable variety? My dear friend, what ſhould *I* do among ſuch people as

are

are the ſummer reſidents at theſe places? I never play; I am totally unintereſted in the inquiry whether Colonel Such-a-one and Mrs. Such-a-one have too great a partiality for each other; and would not give a ſtraw to know what marriages are going forward, or whether this man lives beyond his income, or the next man penuriouſly within it.—Accompliſhed miſſes, with new ſongs, elegant rebuſes, and witty charades; or their mamas and aunts, ſage and ſententious critics on their neighbours' lives, or the new novels of the ſeaſon, are alike indifferent to me.—I cannot talk over the laſt year's fox-chaces with the young men; or, alarmed at the fall of ſtocks, liſten to the terrible prognoſtics of the old ones, and deplore the increaſe of jacobiniſm, and tremble leſt the free-maſons of Europe ſhould overſet its government.—Indeed, I have more than once found my anger conquering my contempt, when proſing fellows have

talked to me in this manner—and then I have been vexed with myſelf for ſuffering ſo much abſurdity to draw me into an argument, or ruffle my temper. Believe me, ſuch an aſſemblage as theſe places uſually produce, may irritate and render incurable the miſanthropy (which you ſay is a great fault in my character), but cannot afford one moment's alleviation to the ſufferings of a wounded heart.

Let me then proceed on my ſolitary rambles, far from that tedious routine which we agree to call ſociety. When I am wandering alone, or with only my ſilent, faithful Arnold, that diſtaſte of the world which you wiſh to cure is ſo far from growing upon me, that I feel it becomes milder; and as my heart expands to the great Governor of the Univerſe, I reſign myſelf into his hands—ſtill doubting, however, whether it is not arrogance and preſumption to ſuppoſe that the Supreme Director of ſo many worlds deigns to

conſider

conſider ſo poor and worthleſs an atom of exiſtence——For the reſt, my hopes and deſires are now reduced into ſo narrow a compaſs, that though yet a very young man, I may truly ſay with one of the greateſt of our countrymen *, who in more advanced life declares,

" There is nothing under heaven, ſaving a true friend, unto which my heart doth lean; and this dear freedom has begotten me this peace, that I mourn not for that end which muſt be, nor ſpend a wiſh to have one minute added to the uncertain date of my years."

I go from hence to-morrow; and as ſoon as I find any place which I like well enough to induce me to become a while ſtationary, you ſhall hear from me again.

Farewell.

* Lord Bacon.

LET-

LETTER III.

AFTER I had written to you laſt, I ſet forth, unknowing and almoſt unheeding whither. The wild and mountainous line of country called Cleveland attracted me, not ſo much by any beauty I expected to find there, as becauſe there is ſomething congenial to the ſtate of my mind in the appearance of deſolate and uncultivated nature. Still all is green, green and ſmiling. Even among the black ſwamps and rough knolls of the wolds, the hands of May have ſcattered tender graſſes and fairy flowers. The banks of the Eſk, along which I afterwards travelled, were adorned with all that makes river ſcenery pleaſing; but as it was not of pleaſing objects I was in ſearch, I bent my way towards the ſea-

ſea-ſhore, and have ſet up my reſt at a farm-houſe about three miles from Whitby, the *Dunus ſinus* of the Romans, and between that town and Robin Hood's Bay.

Before the windows of my ruſtic abode, at the diſtance of half a mile, ſtretches the broad expanſe of ocean which divides this iſland from the northern part of the continent of Europe; behind it riſe almoſt ſemi-circularly a chain of high grounds, called the Moor Hills. Induſtry, encouraged by the demand for the productions of the earth, which the neighbourhood of the port of Whitby occaſions, has in ſome meaſure conquered the natural barrenneſs of this moory and ungrateful line of country, and its inequalities are in many places covered with young wheat, or are juſt tinted by the ſlender blades of Lent corn ſcarce peeping above the ground. As I have traverſed the ſhore, where the cliffs

cliffs in ſome places have fallen on the beach, I have found encruſted in the chalk rock thoſe forms reſembling ſerpents*, formerly believed to have been really thoſe reptiles, which, at the interceſſion of St. Hilda, a Saxon ſaint of great repute (who founded the Abbey of Whitby, where the Princeſs Edelfleda afterwards took the veil), were turned into ſtones. This Ægis, however, ſo long ſuppoſed to have been held by the ſacred hands of the Saxon Virgin, has been now wreſted from her by that light of ſcience ſo fatal to the legendary ſuperſtition of all countries; and the chemiſt and mineralogiſt know that theſe are calcareous petrifactions, always found in the neighbourhood of alum mines. St. Hilda ſtill retains the merit of having ſtrenuouſly oppoſed the *tonſure* of the clergy; which ſhews that

* Ammon's horns.

her

her taſte was at leaſt equal to her piety, whatever might be her ſucceſs in turning ſerpents into ſtone.

In a wood that clothes the high banks of a ſtream, hurrying from the hills to throw itſelf into the Eſk, I found, on the ſecond day of my excurſions in theſe ſolitary regions, the ruins of what appeared to me to have been once a ſmall votive chapel, or oratory. A gothic window, which yet remained, ſeemed to be particularly elegant; its fretted compartments were in ſome places entire, and had certainly been executed with greater elegance than was uſually beſtowed on ſuch ſmall buildings. I paced the area through matted weeds and tufts of elder; it was not extenſive, and little remained that might inform me to what particular purpoſe it was deſtined, till a peaſant croſſed my way who was returning from his day's work of ſtripping bark in the woods. I entered into converſation with him, and learned, as we walked together

gether to the village by the light of an early moon,

"While roſy evening linger'd in the Weſt,"

that this ſmall ruin was called the Hermitage, and belonged to the Abbey of Palſgrave, on the domain of which it ſtands.—"The Abbey of Palſgrave?" cried I, flattering myſelf I had made an acquiſition of ſome antient building not very much known; "and where is the Abbey of Palſgrave?"—"Aboot three moiles an end," anſwered the man in his Yorkſhire dialect. "And is it," ſaid I, "a ruin like this?"—He anſwered that it was deſerted now of all its inhabitants, becauſe the family it had belonged to were all either dead, or gone "beyond ſea." My curioſity being farther excited, I learned that the Abbey had been, to uſe my conductor's phraſe, made into an houſe by a great rich family, "Romans though, Romans;" which on being explained, I found meant that they were

were of the Roman Catholic religion; but that ſome how or other it had ſo fallen out that they had never thriven for a many years back; and it was the opinion of the country, that either becauſe the houſe had once been entirely dedicated to religious purpoſes, and ſhould not have been profaned, or becauſe of ſome ſins of the lateſt poſſeſſors of it, it was certainly viſited by a curſe, and would ſtand empty till it dropped down.

"And which, friend, is the way to this ancient houſe? Can I reach it by following the path I ſaw you in, that leads through the woods?"

"Why, you would not go there?"

"Not go there? Why ſhould I not?"

"And to-night?"

"Aye, to-night, or any other night; why not?"

"There's noot to be found there, I'll promiſe you," ſaid the man, who ſeemed to ſhudder at the temerity of my deſign, while

while he doubted its motives. "No, no, there's nothing to be found there; the Prieſts took care of that.—Some old rubbiſhy things, indeed, ſome folks do ſay, be yet in the old rambling rooms; but, for my part, I'ſe not go aboot amongſt them, ſpecial of a night, if there was a buſhel of gold to be got as my reward."

"But why not? Where is the danger?"

"Bleſs you, Maſter," cried the peaſant, "it's eaſy to ſee you are but a ſtranger in this country, or you'd never aſk ſuch queſtions. Why, mon, the Abbey is haunted."

"It will ſuit my purpoſe exactly," ſaid I; "I have been in ſearch of ſuch a thing ever ſince I can recollect; and for a ghoſt, there is nothing I have ſo great an inclination to ſee."

My informer, who had perhaps ſome ſuſpicion before of my principles, now ſeemed to have a ſtill worſe opinion of my

my intellects, and I saw began to quicken his pace, while he continued reluctantly to answer the questions I put to him; till, as we approached the village near which my abode is situated, he struck into a cross path on the common, and, leaping over a rude stile in a hedge of dried furze, bade me a good night, and disappeared.

You despise, as puerile and ridiculous, the fashionable taste, which has filled all our modern books of entertainment with caverns and castles, peopled our theatres with spectres, and, instead of representing life as it is, has created a new school, where any thing rather than probability, or even possibility, is attended to. And you will smile contemptuously when I tell you, that after questioning on the subject of my new discovery my landlady, a sage and not silent dame, turned of fifty, and hearing her vague yet certainly exaggerated account of Palsgrave Abbey, and its latest inhabitants, I am convinced

convinced that there are materials enough belonging to the ſtory to make a romance, ſuch as are now in high eſtimation: and as I have promiſed, you know, to give you deſcription, obſervation, or anecdote, as I go along, and have in truth nothing very great in the two former branches of correſpondence to ſend you, ſuppoſe I were to give you an hiſtory of Palſgrave Abbey, if, on nearer inſpection, it ſhall ſeem worthy to appear, though only in manuſcript, among the caſtles, towers, abbeys, priories and caverns, caves, cliffs, ſubterraneous paſſages and rugged ruins, rocks, and rifted battlements, which have filled ſo many pages, and excited ſo much admiration both in the cloſet and on the ſtage.

I have collected a number of circumſtances which I am perſuaded are authentic, and which I think, without any aſſiſtance from an imagination that you have often told me is gloomy and romantic, will make an hiſtory not unintereſting,

ing, nor without its moral. Inſtead, therefore, of humouring any viſionary fantaſies, and, as I viſit the Priory, "looking lackadaiſycally" over the ſubſtitute for the old gate, "or ſitting down on one of the fragments, taking in imagination the faireſt of the ſiſterhood to ſit beſide me, and playing with the croſs at her breaſt *," I ſhall linger about this melancholy abode, and make my picture amid the very ſcenery where the incidents happened.

I recollect, however, that you do not admire, indeed that you ſeldom condeſcend to read, thoſe moderm compoſitions to which my hiſtory will bear a conſiderable reſemblance—I mean the romance-novel or novel-romance of the preſent day, in which the magic of genius has in two or three inſtances made me forget "que rien n'eſt beau que le vrai"—which I have ſometimes thought

* Sterne, or Letters paſſing for his.

incon-

incontrovertibly true, till Shakeſpeare and Milton have driven the axiom to flight.

I know not whether it is in one of his hypercriticiſms on the former of thoſe immortal men, whoſe works he could not poſſibly underſtand, that Voltaire has the following paſſage:

* "Revenons toujours à la nature des hommes; il n'aime que l'extraordinaire; et cela eſt ſi vrai, que ſi tôt que le beau et le ſublime eſt commun, il ne parait plus; on veut de l'extraordinaire en tout genre, et on va juſqu'à l'impoſſible."

It undoubtedly ſeems eaſier to collect ſurpriſing events, which, in connecting, ſetting probability aſide, neither time

* We muſt, however, always advert to the nature of man: he delights only in the extraordinary; the truth of which is evident when we ſee, that whenever the great and the ſublime becomes familiar, it is great and ſublime no longer.—In every compoſition the extraordinary is ſought for, and even the impoſſible.

nor

neither time, action, or place, the three great unities, need be adhered to, and in compoſing of which we may indulge ourſelves in the moſt daring and improbable fictions; than it is to draw characters ſuch as we know exiſt, and to find a fable proper to bring them forward. It is eaſier, I believe, to write an Arabian tale, with necromancers and genii, than to collect, as Richardſon does, a ſet of characters acting and ſpeaking ſo exactly as ſuch people ſo circumſtanced would act and ſpeak in real life, that we almoſt doubt whether the ſcenes and the actors are merely imaginary. It is true, that the minuteneſs of deſcription, to which this powerful deception is in a great degree owing, renders ſome of the letters exceſſively tedious; but the pleaſure that Richardſon's writings ſtill afford, though the manners are ſo changed, and taſte has undergone ſo many revolutions, proves that his knowledge of the human heart,

and his adherence to nature, have charms that make us overlook the fid-fad ſort of *caquet* which ſometimes fatigues us.

Yet it has been aſſerted that ſtrong native genius can alone ſucceed in that ſtyle of writing where the horrible and ſupernatural predominate, and where the greateſt effect is produced by a certain degree of obſcurity. And it is undoubtedly true, that the rudeſt and wildeſt ſketch of Salvator is more precious than the moſt laboured piece of the correcteſt Flemiſh maſter. I know, however, that there is no hope of intereſting you in the production of the modern ſchool of books of amuſement, though ſurely "tout genre eſt bon hormi le genre ennuyeux."—Here is enough of criticiſm.

Farewell!

LET-

LETTER IV.

May 9.

From a Cottage made out of one of the moſt diſtant Offices of Palſgrave Priory.

TO account for the many circumſtances (not eaſily to be traced after the events have happened two years) which you will find in the enſuing Narrative, it is neceſſary to tell you, that I found living, in what was formerly an harneſs-room and corn-room to one of the ſtables of Palſgrave, a poor woman, admirably qualified to ſerve as my Cicerone. She is the widow of one of the ſervants of the great houſe; and though not quite ſo wretched in her appearance as ſhe whom Mr. Gilpin deſcribes, who ſhewed him, or, in hopes of a ſmall gratuity, affected to ſhew him, the Abbot's library at Tintern *, yet poverty and all its ca-

* See Gilpin's Obſervations on the Wye, 1770.

lamities have fallen heavily upon her. Her huſband being diſmiſſed by the ſteward at the death of Sir Mordaunt, he went with his family to ſeek his fortune in London; but falling into ill-health, he returned into his own country to die, and his widow and two children, hunted from pariſh to pariſh, were at length ſuffered to take ſhelter in one of the diſtant offices of Palſgrave, which her brother, a carpenter, has contrived to make leſs ruinous than the ſurrounding buildings of the ſame deſcription; and here, on ſo ſlender an allowance as can be extorted from the farmers who manage the pariſh, and a little ſpinning, ſhe contrives with her infants barely to exiſt.

To ſuch a forlorn being "a curious traveller," who promiſed to pay her well for any trouble he might give her, was aſſuredly no unacceptable viſitor. Mrs. Lenthwaite willingly undertook to go with me over the houſe, which is indeed a moſt

a moſt extraordinary place; and there is to me ſomething more melancholy in this recent deſertion, theſe traces of modern life mingled with the venerable relics of religious antiquity, than even in contemplating the laſt, in their deſolate ſtate of almoſt entire dilapidation; where moſs and weeds ſtream from the broken walls, or water-ſtains only mark them. But if the place be wild, and ſtrange, and gloomy, the hiſtory of the perſons it belongs to is much more ſo.

You will not ſurely be ſo merely a matter-of-fact reader as to inquire how I came to be ſo well acquainted with the characters of theſe people, as to be able to relate even what they ſaid, and how they thought? Should you, however, aſk ſo very unreaſonable a queſtion, I refer you, though I do not invoke her, to the Muſe which has inſpired every writer of Epic, whether in proſe or verſe, from Homer to John Bunyan, and ſo on to all the inventors of romances

and tales—whether ancient Troubadours wandering among the chateaux of Provence and Languedoc, or the compoſers of the memoirs, novels, tales, and romances, of which the preſent period is ſo fertile.

In that diviſion of the county of York which is called the North-Riding, and under a rude tract of mountainous country, that riſes above the river Eſk, not far from its communication with the ſea, are the remains of the ancient family ſeat of the Falconbergs.

Its laſt inhabitant was Sir Mordaunt Falconberg, the deſcendant of a Catholic family of ſuch antiquity, that ſome of its lateſt members had looked with irreverence on the title of Baronet, though the date of that honour was ſo far back as 1614. They felt themſelves rather humbled than elevated by ſharing this

dignity

dignity with ſo many who had purchaſed it; becauſe the Falconbergs had often received the honour of knighthood in the field, and had been diſtinguiſhed among the Cruſaders of the twelfth century, while they traced their pedigree till it was loſt among names which, for aught any one knew, were the immediate deſcendants of the Patriarch Noah.

Of all that this family once poſſeſſed Sir Mordaunt retained only its proud fierceneſs of temper, its bigoted attachment to the religion of modern Rome, and a very large fortune. Sir Mordaunt was of a ſaturnine complexion; his forehead was narrow and wrinkled, and his thin and hollow cheeks ſhaded by a ſable beard; pale livid lips, large rolling eyes ſuffuſed with bile, and now appearing fiery with furious paſſions, now darkened by ſullen deſpondence, together with a perſon gaunt and ill-formed, made his whole figure rather likely to excite terror than inſpire affection. He

was, however, ſeldom ſeen; and the habits of his mind were gueſſed rather from his manner of life than from his converſation. He admitted no ſociety; no neighbour or acquaintance had for many years entered the inhoſpitable doors of Palſgrave-Priory: nor had he any friend or aſſociate in the gloomy ſolitude to which he condemned himſelf; ſave only an Italian and a Spaniard, both ſuppoſed to be Jeſuits, one of whom had the care of the conſciences of ſome other Catholic families, and acted in that diſtrict under a commiſſion from Rome as a ſort of Biſhop; the other was ſolely dedicated to Sir Mordaunt, and generally reſided in the houſe, where his ſuperior alſo occaſionally lived for three or four months at a time.

A ſteward ſilent and mechanical as clockwork, an houſekeeper who had no will but that of her ſpiritual director, and five menial ſervants, only one of whom

whom was ever admitted into the interior of that part of the houſe inhabited by Sir Mordaunt, compoſed the reſt of the family. The large ſtables were without a ſingle horſe, and the carriages were dropping to pieces in the coach-houſes. No tenant ever approached the doors; Mr. Camus the ſteward receiving the rents at a public-houſe ſix miles diſtant, on the borders of the eſtate, where he held the courts of the manor at ſtated periods; and whither each man came with the certainty that he muſt, if not punctual, expect the rigour of the ſteward to enforce punctuality, rigour which could not be mitigated by any appeal to their inviſible landlord.

Some of thoſe gentlemen, who, poſſeſſing eſtates within ten or even twenty miles, conſidered themſelves as neighbours to Sir Mordaunt, had ſometimes felt curioſity about this ſtrange man. The younger of theſe his countrymen had never ſeen him at all, and the elder

not for many years. Theſe latter had attempted to viſit him, when after a long reſidence abroad he brought home, being then about forty-five or ſix, a beautiful young woman of ſeventeen, a native of England born of Catholic parents, whom he had married out of a convent in Italy. But Sir Mordaunt had rudely repulſed their advances; and the neighbouring families knew little more of the laſt Lady Falconberg, than that, after having brought him two ſons and a daughter, ſhe died, and was buried in the chapel within the houſe.

Inſtead however of ſeeking in the children conſolation for the loſs of their mother, Sir Mordaunt, who had ſent the younger ſon and daughter abroad almoſt as ſoon as they were born, did not recall them, even when they were of an age to alleviate the ſorrows of a father; for the eldeſt alone poſſeſſed all his paternal affection. Mr. Falconberg was, till twelve years old, brought

up at Palſgrave; but his education partook of the monkiſh auſterity of the houſe. Golgota and Galezza, the two prieſts, were his tutors, and in his thirteenth year another of the ſame deſcription of men conducted him to Italy. From thence Mr. Falconberg returned in four years, and it was then ſuppoſed that he would be introduced to the world as the heir to one of the largeſt fortunes in the county. But he was never ſeen except by accident on a ſhort airing with one or other of the monks, when he was obſerved to be a pale thin youth, whoſe appearance did not promiſe long life; and after a reſidence of about twenty months at Palſgrave, he was ſaid to be in a decline. His father, in great alarm, hurried him back to the milder climate of Naples, where he did not long ſurvive; but dying on his nineteenth birth-day, his remains were brought over to be interred at the Priory with his anceſtors.

From that time ten-fold gloom fell on this melancholy reſidence and its wretched maſter. The ſervants who ſaw Sir Mordaunt, whenever they ventured to ſpeak of the effect of his grief, deſcribed it as ſomething terrific; and when the natural inquiry was made, whether he would not now ſend for his ſecond ſon? the inquirer was told, that Mr. Henry Falconberg had been dead ſome years; but that Sir Mordaunt, who had hardly ever ſeen him, and felt no affection for him, had taken little or no notice of his loſs, and it had merely been announced by Father Golgota, that he was no more.

Even in ſo remote and thinly inhabited a quarter as this part of Yorkſhire, there are always ſome perſons who buſy themſelves in inquiring into the affairs of others. Theſe now began to wonder that Sir Mordaunt did not ſend for his daughter, who was, as they pretended to know, a moſt beautiful and accompliſhed

pliſhed young lady; but it was then given out by the ſpiritual directors of the houſe, that Sir Mordaunt deſigned her for a nun, an avocation to which ſhe was, they ſaid, entirely diſpoſed. Certain zealous Proteſtants exclaimed for awhile againſt the cruelty of ſuch a ſacrifice; and others, who thought more of the great eſtates of Sir Mordaunt than of his religious prejudices, began to wonder who would poſſeſs the former. But both the good Proteſtants and the good calculators had ſoon ſomething elſe to think of, and Sir Mordaunt was ſuffered to live his own way, his very exiſtence being hardly remembered beyond the paling of his park.

From the hour when the remains of Mr. Falconberg were depoſited with his anceſtors, the ſullen and ferocious temper of Sir Mordaunt ſunk into deeper dejection, or was ſubject to fiercer ſtarts of fury, which, if not more frequent, were more terrific to the few perſons about

about him. A darker ſhade fell over the melancholy manſion; its unfrequented courts, now wholly neglected, were overgrown with graſs and weeds; the doors appeared to have forgotten to turn on their ruſty hinges, and ſilence and deſolation wholly to poſſeſs the apartments within, of which all the exterior windows were cloſed, ſave two that belonged to one of Sir Mordaunt's rooms. He had ordered thoſe which had formerly been deſtined to the uſe of Mr. Falconberg to be ſhut up, and every thing left in them, his books, muſical inſtruments, and even his clothes, exactly as they were when he had uſed them for the laſt time; and there, it was ſaid, the unhappy father paſſed many hours deploring the object which alone had been dear to him. Such too had been his cuſtom in frequenting the rooms once inhabited by his wife, into which no perſon had been admitted ſince her deceaſe—though, as light was ſometimes obſerved

obſerved through the breaks which time had made in the ſhutters, it was believed that Sir Mordaunt paſſed many ſad hours of hopeleſs regret in thoſe chill and dreary apartments.

The old and ſpacious manſion, narrowed by theſe curtailments, was ſtill too large for its ſolitary maſter; who occupied three rooms at the north-eaſt quarter of the houſe, one of which opened into the chapel, and from thence into a cloiſter, which was built quite round a court overgrown with night-ſhade, nettle, and henbane, and on one ſide forming a ſort of piazza, which, without any buildings over it, divided it from the park. The park was an extenſive tract of unequal land, thickly wooded with oak and pine, of great antiquity; for the affluence of the family had for many centuries been great, and their taſte for improvement little, ſo that the axe had never been heard in theſe

ſylvan

ſylvan regions, which bore rather the appearance of a foreſt than a park.

The habitation was as ſilent as it was gloomy. On certain days the deep-toned naſal chaunt of one of the prieſts was heard ſinging maſs in the chapel; but the organ that once accompanied it was now ſilent, for the domeſtic of Mr. Falconberg who had been inſtructed to play on it had not returned after his maſter's death. The curtain of black cloth that encloſed it in the gallery was now never undrawn.

Other ſounds there were none within this diſmal dwelling, but occaſionally the murmurs of the ſervants in the offices, who there only ventured upon converſation; for, as they glided about the houſe, and particularly when they had occaſion to approach the apartment of Sir Mordaunt, each ſeemed to fear the ſound of his own voice, and the echo of his own footſteps; and hollow whiſpers only

only crept along the deſolate galleries when any domeſtic met his fellow.

Without were heard the brayings of the ſtags, of which the park was full; or the hoarſe bark of ſeveral great blood-hounds, which were chained up in the court-yard, or at night ranged round the courts and cloiſters. Many birds of cheerful note ſeemed to have fled from the mournful neighbourhood; but in the thick and high woods and coppices every way ſurrounding the houſe, the deep murmur of multitudes of wild pigeons might have drowned the cheerful ſhrill cry of the yaffel, and the ſcreams of the jay, or ſhort cawing of the daws, which had been long the inhabitants of the cornices and broken maſſes of the ancient building.

As great part of the food of the family was fiſh, a portion of the waters of the Eſk had been led into three long canals, which, with ſome leſſer pieces of water ſerving as ſtews, were connected with

with the tunnels of a decoy in the loweſt part of the park; and as the whole was rather for utility than beauty, willows, ſallows, and alders had been allowed to grow around the whole tract, and render it a kind of watery wilderneſs, which was inhabited by an infinite number of aquatic fowl, that were now ſeldom diſturbed; for the decoy was neglected, and the ponds only attended to for the ſake of the ſupply they afforded of aliment for the maigre days of the family.

Such was the general appearance of the place, when, in a gloomy evening of autumn, about four months after the death of Mr. Falconberg, a poſt-chaiſe was ſeen to drive up to the houſe, and ſtop before the principal door: from it ſprung the light and graceful form of a young woman, between ſixteen and ſeventeen, who, half timidly half eagerly, tripped up the flight of ſteps, before her companion, an older and graver perſon, had finiſhed the directions which, in

in a language meant to be Engliſh, ſhe attempted to give the poſtillion as to the baggage the chaiſe was loaded with. The door, however, long unuſed to open, now remained cloſed againſt her, who would, could ſhe have ſeen a ſervant, have aſked for her father. It was Miſs Falconberg, who had no recollection of her paternal houſe, and now looked around her with aſtoniſhment not unmixed with diſmay.—Her companion having joined her expreſſed aſtoniſhment at their being made to wait at the door; and this ſurpriſe might have continued much longer, if the poſtillion had not found his way round to the offices, where he informed the houſekeeper that two gentlewomen were without, who wanted to ſpeak to his honour Sir Mordaunt.

A circumſtance ſo unuſual, and ſo unwelcome, occaſioned a conference between the houſekeeper and the ſteward; and after waiting near half an hour, the ladies

ladies who expected admittance saw two figures in black slowly crossing the great court toward them. Miss Falconberg, amazed at the little alacrity there appeared to receive her, met them, and in a few words explained who she was; and that having been obliged to leave the convent in Flanders, where she had been brought up, on account of the troubles of the country, she had come to seek the protection of her father under the guidance of Mademoiselle Frettemeule, a sister of the religious house, who had kindly undertaken the charge of her.

The two domestics looked at each other, and still hesitated. They seemed unable to determine on what answer they were to give. The delay, however, could not last long, and the old steward coldly, and with apparent reluctance, led the way to another entrance of the house, saying that the great doors could not be opened. He directed the postillion to wait at the stables, while Edouarda

now

now having entered a room, and more and more amazed at her reception, could hardly acquire courage to ſay, "My father! My brother! Where are they? Why am I not to ſee them?"

The ſteward made a ſign to the houſekeeper that ſhe ſhould ſpeak, who, placing herſelf directly before Edouarda, and curtſeying, formally ſaid:

"Truly, young lady, it is a grievous office for me and good Mr. Camus here—truly it is a grievous taſk—but it muſt be known, Sir Mordaunt is—"

"Is dead," interrupted Edouarda.—"Is my father dead?"—"No, Miſs, not dead: his honour is living, though in a pooriſh ſtate of health; but we have had the misfortune, which you don't ſeem to know—the misfortune to loſe—to loſe—"

"Oh! keep me not in ſuſpenſe," cried the trembling girl, "tell me what has happened."

"Why, we have had the great ſor-

row to loſe our fine young maſter, Mr. Falconberg: he died beyond ſea, where he went for his health, and was brought here to be buried about two months ago."

Edouarda had no power to interrupt her informer, who proceeded.

"Sir Mordaunt, Miſs, have never held up his head ſince: and becauſe that one day when Mr. Camus here ſpoke to his honour—didn't you, Mr. Camus?—ſaying how he hoped as he would be comforted, and ſuch like, ſeeing as how we muſt all die and that, and hoping he would ſend for you, Ma'am, as his only child, to keep him company, and make up for his loſs—Sir Mordaunt was in a perilous paſſion, and bade him, as he valued his place, never mention nothing of that there ſort again: didn't he ſay ſo, Mr. Camus?"

Camus now ſeemed to have acquired courage to continue this painful narrative.

"Yes,

"Yes, alas! he did ſay ſo indeed; and moreover, ſays he, I would have you from this time forward take notice that I have *no* child; and that any ſervant who dares to interfere in my family concerns ſhall be diſcharged, ſays he, without more ado."

"So," added the houſekeeper, with even leſs apparent ſympathy than had been ſhewn by the ſteward; "ſo you ſee, Miſs, we be in conſequence thereof very much at a nonpluſh how to act; your ladyſhip's coming all at once of a ſudden ſo, puts us quite into a quandary; and if ſo be as we take you in, and Sir Mordaunt ſhould diſcover that we have done ſo without his orders, why it's very like, I'll aſſure you, that we ſhall all loſe our places."

"If you take me in?" cried Edouarda—"And if you do not—Good God! what is to become of me?"—The eyes of the diſtreſſed Edouarda then ſought comfort in the countenance of her companion;

panion; but Mademoiſelle Frettemeule was little diſpoſed to give it: ſhe was devoutly croſſing herſelf, and, ſilently recommending herſelf to the protection of St. Barbara, St. Urſula, and St. Genevieve, together with Notre Dame de Carcaſſonne, and again wiſhed herſelf back at her convent, from whence ſhe had been driven by what hitherto ſhe had not made up her mind to conſider as a very lamentable event.

Mrs. Gournay, the houſekeeper, whoſe diſmay increaſed as time wore away and no reſolution was taken, now began to give advice, which ſhe was afraid of offering till the ſilence and conſternation of the two ſtrangers convinced her they were themſelves incapable of taking any reſolution.

"If I might be ſo bold, young lady," ſaid ſhe, "as to give my humble opinion, I ſhould take the liberty for to ſay, that it mid. be very imprudent for to appear all at once, as it were, and of a ſudden

a ſudden afore his honour, ſeeing as he ſeems to be ſo grieved at heart about my late young maſter as to be ſorry to ſee any other perſon as 'twere.—The bleſſed Lady give him patience, poor gentleman! though for ſartain he have been but very mollencholie and caſt down for many a year; the more is the pity. Now I would humbly mention to you, that if his honour does not know all of a minute that you are here, why we can tell him by little and little; whereas if we go for to tell him without ſome preamble, there is no ſaying how he may take it. This houſe is very large, and nobody never in it but Father Golgota and Father Galezza, both pious men, and very worthy of truſt, and myſelf and Mr. Camus the ſteward, and the inferior ſarvants, which is only an houſe-maid, a cook, and laundry-maid; and two men ſarvants, truſty men, who have lived a many years with his honour: ſo that, if you pleaſe, Miſs, you

and this gentlewoman may bide for the preſent without any one's being the wiſer but me and the ſteward, and the houſe-maid, and ſhe won't ſay a word about it; only when the reverend Father Golgota comes home, I muſt conſult him thereon; for to be ſure I would not upon no account whatſomever keep a ſecret from him. I'll try to be ſure to make things as comfortable, and ſuch like, as I can. Father Golgota will be back ſhortly, and both me and Mr. Camus are ſure 'twill be preferable not as yet for to ſpeak to Sir Mordaunt."

Since thoſe tender affections which the expectation of meeting with her father had called forth in the boſom of Edouarda were now chilled by diſappointment and apprehenſion, ſhe readily aſſented to every thing the good woman propoſed; who, after another ſhort conference with the ſteward, diſmiſſed the poſt-chaiſe, and ſoon after returned to ſhew the newly-arrived ſtrangers into the

the apartments that ſhe had deſtined for them.

Theſe conſiſted of two bed-chambers, high and cold and forlorn, with old-faſhioned high-teſtered beds. Each room was lighted by one long gothic window in a very thick wall; they looked into a ſquare court, three ſides of which were buildings; the light paved cloiſter formed the fourth, beyond which was an old plantation, chiefly of yew, fir, and cypreſs. The ivy which had ſprung up among theſe trees had here and there found its way within, ſo as to mantle with its perennial leaves the fretted arches of the open cloiſter.

An anti-room to the bed-chambers, very large and lofty, was wainſcoted half way up with Iriſh oak, above which the white-waſhed walls had no other ornaments than over one door an immenſe pair of antlers affixed to the carved head of a ſtag, all of which had formerly been gilt; the other door was adorned by a

great ſtuffed otter, whoſe muzzle and paws had once undergone the ſame operation, in teſtimony of the ſucceſsful proweſs of ſome former Falconberg, who had taken the animals to which theſe ſpoils belonged. The furniture of this room, which was to ſerve as a kind of fitting-room, conſiſted only of ſome old red leather chairs, with high backs and great braſs nails, and a table covered with green pluſh, the voluted legs of which ſeemed to have been produced as a great effort of art two hundred and fifty years ſince. In the ſpacious and cave-like chimneys of theſe rooms, fires were lighted on braſs dogs; but the wood was green, and the turf mingled with it ſerved rather to ſmother than increaſe the little heat that was derived from it—and unfortunately the autumnal night was ſtormy and cold.

The auſterities of a convent had not taken from Siſter Rhoda the love of eaſe and perſonal indulgencies; ſhe had been partly induced to undertake the journey which

which ſhe had juſt finiſhed, by what ſhe had heard of the great affluence of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg; while from the general accounts ſhe had liſtened to of England, ſhe had imagined it to be a land abounding in gold and ſilver, and where, in the houſe of a grand *Milor* or *Seigneur*, ſuch as ſhe ſuppoſed Sir Mordaunt to be, all kind of gratifications, both of pride and of the palate, were to be obtained without effort or expence. Ideas like theſe had principally induced her to accompany Edouarda to England; for ſhe was one of thoſe beings who love themſelves to the excluſion of all other friendſhip or affections whatever. But now, the contraſt between what ſhe expected and what ſhe found was ſo mortifying, that it was not poſſible for her to reſolve to conceal her ill-humour and vexation even from her young friend, who was undoubtedly the greateſt ſufferer.

Edouarda had a natural elaſticity of

mind, and high health, hitherto unbroken by ſorrow; for the diſtance at which ſhe had been kept by her father had never appeared any thing extraordinary, ſince ſo many other young women were ſhe knew juſt in the ſame ſituation, and even ſome who had parents in France. Now, therefore, as the firſt ſhock of hearing of her brother's death, and the diſappointment of not immediately being received by her father, ſubſided, her ſpirits reſumed their tone, and ſhe endeavoured to perſuade herſelf that the latter apparently cruel delay might be owing to the miſplaced fears and miſapprehenſion of the ſervants. It was, ſhe believed, impoſſible that he could perſiſt in refuſing to receive ſuch conſolation as his only ſurviving child could offer, and doubted not that ſhe ſhould in a few days be allowed to throw herſelf at his feet. The diſturbed mind of Edouarda, therefore, would ſoon have gained ſome degree of tranquillity, had

ſhe

ſhe not been haraſſed by the murmurs of Siſter Rhoda. This woman, weak and ſelfiſh by nature, ignorant and prejudiced from education, had ſuppoſed, that in quitting her ſpiritual aſpirations, for which ſhe had naturally very little predilection, ſhe was to receive ſome of thoſe terreſtrial gratifications of which ſhe had indulged many extravagant ideas, becauſe ſhe had from her infancy been told ſhe was to form no ideas at all about them. Her half-informed mind, which had ſo long been occupied in making agreeable pictures for her imagination to gaze upon, now ſunk in peeviſh deſpondence. Inſtead of palaces and regales, ſhe thought her preſent accommodations leſs comfortable than uſe had made thoſe of her cell; her unfortunate young companion, whom ſhe had undertaken to protect, was made to ſuffer for her diſappointment, and, weary as ſhe was, compelled to liſten to all the expreſſions of repentance and diſpleaſure which the

nun could recollect in her own language. But the final conſequence of this was perhaps good; for Edouarda, ever attentive to the feelings of others, and grateful for any ſervice done to herſelf, ſhe tried to forget her own concern, and thought only of alleviating that of her friend, whom ſhe at length perſuaded to retire to the beſt of the two beds, took a blanket from her own to make it more comfortable; and then, as the ſupper the houſekeeper had ſupplied was not a bad one, the wine excellent, and ſome confections in brandy ſtill better, Siſter Rhoda, with a countenance rather leſs deplorable, retired to her repoſe, and poſtponed the reſt of her lamentations till the next morning.

But for Edouarda there was no repoſe to be obtained: the fatigue of a long journey, ſuſtained as ſhe had been by the fond hope of meeting her father at he end of it, ſhe would not have felt; but the ſhock of ſuch a diſappointment, and

and the myſtery which hung about her reception, ſhe could not recover. In painful aſtoniſhment ſhe looked around her, and, ſurveying the deſolate apartment, cold, dreary, and inhoſpitable, not much unlike, and not much better than ſome of the old inns where ſhe had ſtopped for the night in French Flanders, ſhe queſtioned herſelf whether the whole was not an uneaſy dream, and whether it was poſſible that this was the houſe of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg? Yet it was not the diſcouraging appearance of the place that hurt her ſo much, as the dread that the ſervants ſeemed to have of her arrival being known to their maſter; and again and again Edouarda repeated, "Gracious Heaven! wherefore ſhould my father refuſe to ſee a child who never offended him? What ſhall I endure if I am long to remain concealed in his houſe like a culprit?"

An ardent deſire then ſeized her to obtain a view of him by chance. It was

not yet very late; it was poſſible that Sir Mordaunt might be ſeen croſſing from one room to another. Edouarda went to one of the windows. There was light enough through the night ſtorm to enable her to diſtinguiſh that her chamber looked into a court ſurrounded on three ſides by high buildings, while tall ſhrubs appeared to form the fourth boundary beyond an open cloiſter. She ſaw the ſpiral heads of the poplars and cypreſſes ſway in the wind, and remarked how the early moon juſt glimmering on the park lawns beyond, was now and then obſcured by dark clouds hurrying before the blaſt. About the buildings there was not even a gleam of light. Edouarda looked one by one on the high gothic windows: "Which," cried ſhe, "gives its light to the apartment of my father?—Will no inſtinctive ſenſe of my being near him awaken tenderneſs in his heart? Can I by no ſtratagem introduce myſelf to him, and arouſe his parental feelings? Has any

one uſurped in his boſom the place which ſurely muſt once have been occupied by his children, two of whom are in their graves, and has he yet no room for the third?"—Thus mournfully reflecting, and unable to ſleep, Edouarda paſſed ſome time, till extreme wearineſs compelled her to ſeek in her cold and funereal-looking bed the reſt which Nature imperiouſly demanded.

The morning came, but not to rejoice the penſive and unhappy Edouarda. Again ſhe recalled what had paſſed the preceding day, and again wondered at her deſtiny. The houſekeeper made her appearance while ſhe was dreſſing, and looked at her, ſhe thought, with a mingled expreſſion of ſorrow for her and apprehenſion for herſelf, while ſhe thus ſpoke:

"I hope, Miſs, you've reſted well. I made bold to come and look in upon you becauſe t'other lady is not ſtirring; and I hope you won't take it amiſs, if ſo

be as I juſt venture to mention, that I hope you will be ſo good as to keep as cloſe as you can for fear Sir Mordaunt ſhould perceive any thing of your being here; which, until we can contrive by means of father Golgota to break the matter to him, might, to be ſure, be attended with very bad conſequences to us all."

"Do you mean then," ſaid Edouarda, "my good woman, that it is neceſſary for me to be a priſoner?"

"Why, Miſs, if ſo be as you be pleaſed to walk out at ſuch times as there is no danger of meeting Sir Mordaunt—

"And when are thoſe times?"

"Sir Mordaunt, Miſs, is ſometimes out early; that indeed is not very often: and at others he is not ſeen ſometimes perhaps at all, and often not till two or three o'clock; and then of evenings he diſmiſſes his own ſervant at dark, and after that nobody ſees him."

"It is enough," ſaid Edouarda ſighing.

ing. "I ſhall probably have very little inclination to walk, while thus deprived of the comfort of ſeeing my father, and I will take care, while you think it neceſſary, not to intrude."

The woman caſt on her what ſhe thought ſeemed a look of compaſſion, and withdrew.

The extreme diſcontent in which Edouarda found Siſter Rhoda, who will be better diſtinguiſhed by the name of Mademoiſelle Frettemeule, was infinitely more diſtreſſing to her than her own thoughts, however painful they had been. Inſtead of ſoothing the anguiſh which ſhe could not but perceive corroded the heart of her young friend, ſhe gave way to all the ill-humour this mortifying reception had occaſioned; exclaimed againſt thoſe who had betrayed her into a ſituation ſo inſupportable, and condemned her own folly, which had ſuffered her to be ſo eaſily miſled; declaring at the ſame time that millions ſhould not bribe her

her to remain in a place where there was not one ſatisfaction to counterbalance the diſmal and hopeleſs gloom. Edouarda implored her with tears not to leave her till ſhe was under the protection of her father; and repreſented to her that, circumſtanced as ſhe now was, ſhe had not the means of procuring the money which was neceſſary, in a country where they had found travelling ſo expenſive, to tranſport her friend almoſt acroſs the kingdom; for ſo the map informed her it was, from the north-eaſtern coaſt of Yorkſhire to Ameſbury in Wiltſhire, where Mademoiſelle Frettemeule had a near relation aſſociated among the voluntary recluſes who inhabited that place.

Not all the pleading of Edouarda could, however, appeaſe the ill-humour which every circumſtance around her continued to create in Mademoiſelle Frettemeule, whoſe naturally peeviſh and ſelfiſh diſpoſition, embittered by diſappointment

pointment in the vague hopes ſhe had formed, now ſeemed gratified by nothing ſo much as adding to the diſtreſs of the unhappy girl whom ſhe had undertaken to protect—till at length Edouarda fled from her with as much ſolicitude as ſhe would have ſought her had ſhe been of a different diſpoſition. After three days which paſſed nearly as the firſt, and during which they were confined to the houſe, as well by the dread of Sir Mordaunt as by the inclemency of the weather, the murmurs of Mademoiſelle Frettemeule became ſo loud, and her declarations of reſolution to depart ſo peremptory, that Mrs. Gournay was apprehenſive ſhe would endeavour to explain them to Sir Mordaunt before either of the Prieſts returned home; on whoſe influence the good old houſekeeper greatly relied, knowing how much they poſſeſſed over herſelf. On the fourth day Galezza arrived. He was cloſeted for above an hour with the houſekeeper and

ſteward,

ſteward, and then walked ſlowly and ſoftly into the room where Edouarda and the quondam nun waited to ſee him.

Edouarda had been uſed to ſee monks of every deſcription before her arrival in England; yet ſhe looked on Galezza with ſurpriſe. He was a man of about thirty-ſix, tall, pale, meagre. His grey eyes expreſſed paſſions which had nothing to do with the ſanctity he profeſſed. His black eye-brows, hair, and beard ſhaded a long bony face, which a high noſe and prominent chin rendered ſingular; yet he was not ſo ugly as ſuch an aſſemblage of features might ſeem in deſcription to make him; and when he ſmiled, though it was often,

"As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
"That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing,"

yet now and then a look indicating better and more ſocial feelings dwelt for a moment on his odd countenance, and, like a ray of light amidſt the lurid atmoſphere

moſphere of winter, ſeemed to ſay, that, though a Jeſuit, Galezza had not always been inſenſible to the voice of Nature and Humanity.

Mademoiſelle Frettemeule, as ſoon as the firſt ſhort compliments were over, entered with great volubility on a diſcourſe in her native language, wherein all ſhe had expected was detailed, and the contraſt ſhe had experienced vehemently inſiſted upon. She concluded an oration of great length, by declaring to the prieſt her decided reſolution to depart immediately; adding in a very determined tone, that ſhould any one attempt to prevent her, ſhe would force herſelf into the preſence of Sir Mordaunt, and demand of him retribution and diſmiſſion.

Edouarda heard her with terror; Edouarda had not yet learned, that, for thoſe who are miſerable, every thing that materially changes has a probability of ameliorating their condition; and that nothing

nothing is ſo idle as for thoſe to fear evil who have no hope of good.

The Confeſſor Galezza looked on the querulous nun while ſhe ſpoke with eyes of peculiar meaning, which ſometimes however were diverted to the fairer and more intereſting face of Edouarda, whoſe deep and almoſt convulſive ſighs ſeemed to make him attend to her in deſpite of his efforts to appeaſe her more importunate companion. To the ſurpriſe however of Edouarda, the reverend Father rather acquieſced in than oppoſed the departure of Mademoiſelle Frettemeule; ſeemed to adviſe in cold and meaſured language her not waiting for the return of his ſuperior; which was, he ſaid, extremely uncertain, inaſmuch as he was attending a lady of high rank in a lingering hopeleſs illneſs. Galezza added, that ſince Mademoiſelle was ſo very uneaſy in her preſent uncertainty, he would conſult with Mr. Camus, and endeavour to arrange every thing, ſo that ſhe might immediately

mediately begin her journey. He would himſelf, he ſaid, attend her to the next poſt-town, where he would provide the means of her proceeding to join the community ſhe ſo earneſtly deſired to belong to.

The father retired, and Edouarda had no courage to remonſtrate with Rhoda on her unkind reſolution. So much indeed had her diſtreſs been increaſed by the diſcontent and ill-humour of her companion, that ſhe hardly knew whether ſhe wiſhed her to ſtay. One benefit Edouarda had already derived from the diſappointment ſhe had recently experienced—ſhe had learned to depend leſs on others, and more on herſelf: as the limbs acquire ſtrength and firmneſs by exerciſe, the ſoul gains fortitude and reſolution from the neceſſity that compels it to act and to endure.

Edouarda was already in ſome degree conſcious of this. She wondered that ſhe had been able within a few hours to ſuffer

ſuffer ſo much without ſinking under the preſſure of misfortunes thus unexpected; yet ſhe was ſenſible of a degree of firmneſs and power of ſuſtaining evil, ſuch as ſhe had before no idea of. Still however ſhe thought with anguiſh and with wonder on the ſtrange conduct of her father; and the interview ſhe had juſt had with Galezza, by no means added to her hopes of comfort and ſecurity while ſhe continued to be deprived of his countenance.

Whatever might be *her* opinion of Galezza, that of Mademoiſelle Frettemeule was apparently extremely favourable; for ſhe put herſelf in the courſe of a few days entirely under his guidance, and departed from Palſgrave, taking of Edouarda a cold though an eternal leave. Edouarda, who fancied there was ſome myſtery hung over her detention from her father's preſence, which the nun had known but concealed, now began deliberately to conſider whether

ſhe

ſhe could not acquire courage to tear away the veil which was ſo unaccountably drawn between them. Perhaps her father was the martyr of ill health; perhaps ſolitude and ſorrow might have injured his intellects; and from either of theſe cauſes he might have fallen into the power of mercenary ſervants, and might want what ſhe languiſhed to offer him, that affectionate attention which cannot be purchaſed, that genuine ſolicitude of the heart, which affluence cannot command even from poverty.

Affected by ſuch reflections Edouarda at length determined to attempt throwing herſelf in the way of Sir Mordaunt, and trying how far Nature would ſpeak to him on her behalf. Sometimes her fears made her recoil from the experiment; then ſhe again acquired reſolution by conſidering, that even if her father refuſed to admit her as his companion, he would not at leaſt deny to her unprotected youth the ſhelter of his houſe;

houſe; and that ſhe ſhould not continue in the comfortleſs ſtate ſhe now ſubmitted to. The houſekeeper, however, who appeared to have redoubled her vigilance ſince the departure of Mademoiſelle Frettemeule, left her very little time to meditate alone on the ſteps ſhe ſhould take; for, as if the good woman had been aware of her thoughts, and was determined to prevent whatever reſolution ſhe had formed upon them, Mrs. Gournay continually beſieged her. Edouarda, though fatigued and vexed at being under the neceſſity of hearing the ſilly and ſometimes ſuperſtitious goſſip of this old woman, endeavoured notwithſtanding to make an advantage of it, and queſtioned her as to many particulars in regard to her father: at what time he went out? whether he dined at any particular houſe? who had acceſs to him, and at what time? Mrs. Gournay replied to many of theſe queſtions in a way which informed Edouarda of very little

little that ſhe wanted to know; but ſhe at length imagined ſhe had collected, that Sir Mordaunt was uſually out at an early hour of the morning, alone and unattended; that he always returned before ten o'clock; and that his ſervants frequently knew not when he went out or came in--except that they ſometimes ſaw him at a diſtance in the fields or park, when, in obedience to his orders, they ſedulouſly avoided him.

On the ſtrength of this intelligence, and after a night which was not paſſed in ſleep, (but in imagining various addreſſes to her father, and arming herſelf with reſolution to encounter the firſt ſight of him, and the firſt ſound of his voice,) Edouarda aroſe with the earlieſt dawn of the morning. She had now been ten days the inmate of her father's houſe: and this was the firſt time ſhe had attempted to go without its walls. Trembling and doubting whether ſhe ſhould not render her comfortleſs ſtate

ſtill

ſtill more ſo by the meaſure ſhe had determined upon, ſhe dreſſed herſelf in that haſte and trepidation which fear generally occaſions, yet recollected as ſhe was about it, that as Sir Mordaunt was ſaid to be ſtrongly attached to the ceremonies of the religion to which his family had always been devoted, her appearing before him in the habit of a nun during the year of her noviciate might give him an impreſſion in her favour. Such a dreſs ſhe was in poſſeſſion of, having worn it on her journey through Flanders by the command of the Abbeſs, who imagined it would be a protection againſt the inſults ſhe had been taught to apprehend. Edouarda, who fancied ſhe had gained a ſtep towards her father's heart, now put on her novice's robe and veil with more ſatisfaction than they had ever beſtowed on her before; and with ſtill greater ſatisfaction found the doors were not ſhut on the ſide of the houſe ſhe inhabited. She

paſſed

paſſed ſoftly through ſeveral gloomy rooms and long paſſages, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird: for ſhe knew not, at every ſtep, whether the next door ſhe opened might not lead her ſuddenly into the preſence of her father. At length, however, ſhe found a ſtaircaſe, and came to a great brick hall, one end of which a woman was employed in cleaning; but her back was towards the affrighted Edouarda, who haſtened to paſs her, and gained a ſort of porch, from whence an already opened door let her into the park. She fled acroſs it as if ſhe had been actually purſued, well knowing that had the houſekeeper or ſome other of the ſervants ſeen her, ſhe would have been compelled to return. Mrs. Gournay had told her that Sir Mordaunt uſually took his walks in the fields beyond the park. To the fields therefore ſhe endeavoured to haſten, though ſhe was ignorant which among the fading woods, that every way ſur-

rounded her, were in the park, and which were beyond its paling.

A winding walk through a thick copſe promiſed her concealment, and ſhe thought probably led to ſome gate. Her conjectures were juſtified; for, after almoſt half an hour's walking, a park ſtyle offered itſelf, and ſhe entered a green lane, where no carriage ſeemed to have paſſed, ſince the turf covered the few marks of ruts which were yet to be traced. None of the uſual ſounds of ruſtic labour met the ear; the morning was grey and heavy; and ſcarce the remaining leaves, now deeply touched with autumnal yellow, trembled in the gale which uſually attends the riſing ſun. Old oaks ſtretched their horizontal arms, almoſt meeting each other, acroſs the unfrequented way which Edouarda now purſued—purſued merely becauſe ſhe had once entered upon it; for the ſolitude of the place, and the fear ſhe felt at being quite alone ſo far from every habitation,

habitation, had again ſunk her courage ſo much, that ſhe was conſcious ſhe could not have ſpoken to her father had ſhe met him. Once ſhe had reſolved to return; but the dread of being chidden by Mrs. Gournay, and ſuffering for an abortive attempt, urged her on. A gate on the oppoſite ſide from the park opened to a ſtubble field, which roſe ſo much above the ground ſhe had left, that, imagining ſhe could command a view from it without being perceived, ſhe entered it. There was a path which had certainly been trodden by human feet. It lay along under an hedgerow of oak and beech for five or ſix hundred yards, and then, as Edouarda plainly diſcerned, ſtretched acroſs the field to its ſummit, which ſhe wiſhed to gain, believing ſhe could look from thence over her father's domain, and perhaps perceive the ſea, which ſhe knew was within a very few miles. Having ſatisfied her curioſity, ſhe had

determined to go back to the houſe, and aſſign ſuch reaſons as occurred to her for her early ramble; for of meeting Sir Mordaunt ſhe now deſpaired. Purſuing therefore the path for a few paces, ſhe was ſuddenly ſtartled by ſeeing cloſe to her, and leaning over a gate in the hedge-row, a man, who at one glance ſhe ſaw was not her father, for he was young, and had the appearance of a ſportſman: a net full of game hung at his ſide, and he had a gun in his hand. Edouarda alarmed, though ſhe hardly knew why, would have retreated; then thought it would be better to paſs on, while the ſportſman would probably purſue his game: but ſhe forgot how ſingular an appearance in England any woman muſt make dreſſed as ſhe was; and ſhe was totally unconſcious of the attractions of that youth and beauty, which would have made her in any dreſs an object of curioſity and admiration.

The

The young man, as if afraid the fair but ſtrange figure he ſaw would eſcape him before he could aſcertain if it was real or viſionary, ſprang over the gate, and approached her. "Forgive me, Madam," cried he, ſpeaking as if he feared the lovely apparition would vaniſh into air; "forgive me if I take the liberty of aſking—" Edouarda looked terrified. "I know," added the ſtranger, taking her trembling hand, "I know it is unuſual to addreſs a lady one has not the honour of being acquainted with; but your appearance in this remote place excites my ſurpriſe, as much as your form does my admiration. Pray, be not offended if I aſk you who you are?—from whence you come?"

This was the firſt time Edouarda had heard an inquiry ſhe ſo little knew how to anſwer. The diſtreſſing circumſtance of being in her father's houſe unknown to him; of having now come out of it clandeſtinely to ſeek him, occurred to her.

Her confuſion increaſed, and the aſtoniſhed inquirer repeated his queſtion: "Perhaps," ſaid he, "you think me impertinent; I am afraid I am ſo: but it is impoſſible for me to part with you without knowing who you are, and whether there is any chance of my ever ſeeing you again?"

"I live," replied Edouarda in a low and tremulous voice, "I live at the houſe of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg." The countenance of the ſtranger fell: "I might have gueſſed at that," ſaid he, "from your habit. Sir Mordaunt Falconberg! Has he then the recluſe of both ſexes in his houſe? Is it become a monaſtery?" Edouarda had by this time recollected many additional reaſons that made her ſhrink from the curioſity ſhe had thus excited: yet, when ſhe would have repulſed it, her courage totally failed her. "Whatever I am, Sir, or by whatever means I am here, I entreat you to let me paſs: it cannot benefit

you

you to detain me; to me it may be of the moſt fatal conſequence."

"I would not hurt you for a thouſand worlds!" cried the young man. "But what harm can happen from your telling me who you are? You are ſo very unlike any being I expected to have ſeen here, that had I not beheld your face, and heard you ſpeak, I ſhould have imagined you to be one of the female ghoſts which the country people believe are the only inhabitants of Palſgrave—beſides Sir Mordaunt himſelf and two or three monks——But if you *are* a ſprite, you muſt at leaſt bring with you airs from heaven! Speak to me, therefore, beauteous Nun!" Edouarda ſtill ſtruggled to get away. "Oh! no, no; by Heavens," exclaimed he with increaſing impetuoſity, "I ſhall be mad if you refuſe to tell me who you are!" Edouarda now recollected that it was poſſible her father, ſo dreaded already, might ſee her in conference with this

ſtranger. He did not ſeem to be acquainted with Sir Mordaunt. The riſk, therefore, of telling her name might be leſs than that ſhe might incur by his detaining her. "I know not, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "the cuſtoms of England, nor how they may authoriſe your treating me in this manner; but it is at leaſt cruel, when I tell you that it expoſes me to very great inconvenience. Since, however, you take ſo unhandſome an advantage of my unprotected ſituation at this moment, I muſt induce you to releaſe me by telling you that I am the daughter of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg, and now unfortunately his only child. Late events on the Continent have driven me from the convent where I was educated, and I have been only a very ſhort time an inmate of my father's houſe. Now, Sir, you muſt give me leave to return to it; I am expected—it is impoſſibie for me to ſtay—I muſt haſten home."

"And when you get thither, moſt lovely

lovely Miſs Falconberg, for heaven's ſake let the firſt thing you do be to diveſt yourſelf of this dreſs, which, though you look like an angel in it, you ſhould never wear to put your father in mind of compelling you to bury in a cloiſter charms that would adorn a throne, and ſurely are deſtined to make for ſome happy—oh, thrice happy being, a paradiſe upon earth! Do not, for mercy's ſake, leave me! Suffer me only to accompany you to the park pales. Tell me, do you often walk out? At what hour do you uſually leave the houſe? What probability is there of my ſeeing you once more?"—"None," cried Edouarda; "I never leave the houſe, I dare not; my father—" Her voice faltered, and ſhe could with difficulty articulate, "Now I do moſt earneſtly entreat you to leave me, unleſs you would be my moſt cruel enemy, unleſs you would deſtroy me!"—"Periſh the world rather!" anſwered the young man; "but

is it to be endured that the old necromancer of the Abbey ſhould tyrannically immure ſuch beauty and ſweetneſs? I will alarm the country," added he ſmiling, "I will call the poſſe comitatus, and beſiege his fortreſs."—"You will kill me," exclaimed Edouarda, now ready to ſink to the earth.—"No, indeed," ſaid her perſecutor, "only tell me when I may ſee you again, and—" Edouarda now ſuddenly wreſted from him the hand he had continued to hold; and caſting on him an imploring look not to follow her, ſhe haſtened into the wood in the park through which ſhe had before paſſed.

Edouarda had advanced almoſt half a mile through the wood, ſtill looking back at every ſtep ſhe took, before her mind was ſufficiently diſengaged from the terror ſhe had undergone to advert to that ſhe had yet to encounter. But, as ſhe approached the houſe, the fears which ſhe had felt in leaving it again aſ-

ſailed her: "I have failed, I have completely failed in my hopes, and have put myſelf in the power of a ſtranger; now, if the houſekeeper ſhould ſee and queſtion me, or if I ſhould be perceived by my father, what would become of me?" So great was the agitation this ſoliloquy occaſioned, that her breath and the power of moving onward had almoſt forſaken the unhappy Edouarda; nor would ſhe perhaps have acquired reſolution to attempt entering the houſe, if the woman ſervant who uſually waited in her room, but who was generally more like a ſtatue than a living woman, had not haſtily advanced towards her acroſs the narrow lawn between the houſe and the ſurrounding wood. Her countenance expreſſed that ſhe was under the impulſe of fear. "Oh, Miſs," cried ſhe, "where have you been? Had Mrs. Gournay ſeen you, you would have got me ſo much anger for having left your door and the others open! She has been buſy

in getting ſome things for Sir Mordaunt, who is ſick, and luckily for us both ſhe has not miſſed you; but I, for my part, have been frighted out of my ſenſes.—O dear me, what is to be done now? Step back, Miſs, ſtep back into the wood, pray do, and juſt change clothes with me; I can creep round a way you will never find, wrapped up any how; but if you are ſeen dreſſed as you are croſſing the park, and juſt too under Sir Mordaunt's window, we ſhall none of us ſtay in the houſe three days longer."

Ah! thought Edouarda, who would wiſh to ſtay in it ſubjected to ſuch alarms? She however heſitated not to do as Rachael deſired, and was ſoon equipped in her hat, gown, and check apron, while the nun's robe and veil were thrown over the maid like an handkerchief and cloak, and ſhe ran a contrary way, by which ſhe ſaid it was eaſy for *her* to go unnoticed to the

houſe, and Edouarda was left to make her way thither as well as ſhe could.

Hardly dared ſhe look up to the windows, as ſhe paſſed under thoſe which ſhe had juſt been told were in the apartments uſually inhabited by her father; yet her ardent deſire to ſee him, and the hope ſhe had of being unnoticed in ſuch a diſguiſe, gave her courage to raiſe her head, and ſhe perceived ſtanding at one of the great old gloomy-looking caſements a figure, which ſhe imagined was Sir Mordaunt. Soon, however, the perſon moved away; and as if it were poſſible Sir Mordaunt could have diſcovered that ſhe was not what ſhe appeared to be, Edouarda hurried more alarmed than ever into the houſe, and, without meeting any one, found herſelf in her own chamber.

There, while ſhe congratulated herſelf upon her eſcape, and reſolved never again to hazard the terrors ſhe had undergone, Rachael came to her, and took back

back her clothes. At the ſame time ſhe appeared in great anxiety: "Ah! Miſs," ſaid ſhe, "what ſhall I do about Father Galezza? When confeſſion day comes for us ſervants, what ſhall I do? for I declare I had almoſt rather jump into the fire than tell the father: then, to be ſure, he will ſet me ſuch a penance as never was the like, and nobody can tell what it will end in."

Edouarda inquired in what reſpect ſhe thought herſelf ſo much to blame? "To blame, Miſs?" replied the girl. "Why, it was my fault for leaving of the doors open, contrary to the orders both of Mrs. Gournay, Mr. Camus, and Father Galezza.—'Twas my careleſſneſs, to be ſure; and oh, bleſſed Jeſu! what a fright I was in when I found, upon coming to make your bed, that you was gone out! And if any harm had come of it, I muſt have anſwered for it, as indeed I muſt now to Father Galezza, and undergo a ſharp penance too beſides."

It now occurred to Edouarda that ſhe could perhaps make a friend of this woman, who might hereafter be uſeful to her. The very idea of any one intereſted for her, and taking part in her deſtiny, offered ſomething like comfort. She therefore endeavoured to conciliate her by ſympathiſing in her diſtreſs:—"Is then the father ſo harſh?" ſaid Edouarda. "Surely, my good Rachael, he will never inflict any ſevere puniſhment for an error which is in itſelf ſo trifling, and which can be attended with no bad conſequences. I would not for the world have you omit one of the moſt immaterial circumſtances in your confeſſion; but no doubt the father will abſolve you—and accept this, good Rachael, as a ſmall token of my concern that you ſhould ſuffer even a fear on my account."

The girl heſitated a moment, as if the receiving the money Edouarda offered would be an addition to the evil deeds that

that already weighed upon her conſcience; then recollecting perhaps ſome maxim of the father himſelf, which ſhe thought there was a good opportunity to follow, ſhe curtſeyed, and pocketed the guinea, recommending it to Edouarda not to ſay a word to Mrs. Gournay which might lead to a diſcovery of what had paſſed; and allowing no farther time for the queſtions which Edouarda was very deſirous of making, ſhe hurried away.

Then it was that Edouarda began to reflect on the occurrence of the morning, and to re-conſider what the ſtranger had ſaid.—He had ſpoken of her father as if he was an object of abhorrence in the neighbourhood, and the freedom with which he had addreſſed her, was far from giving her a favourable impreſſion of the ſtranger himſelf; while a thouſand apprehenſions that her interview might be known to Sir Mordaunt, and increaſe the diſlike he had to her, made her

her reflect on the whole circumstance with pain. Alone, and without books or any resource, the oppression of her mind was almost insupportable; and after two or three days more thus passed, solitude and solicitude preyed on her mind; the want of air and exercise affected her personal health, and she thought herself certainly sinking into the grave. That elasticity of spirit which had hitherto supported forsook her; she trembled at every noise, fancying she heard Sir Mordaunt in one of those furious passions which had been described to her, and that she was herself the object that excited it. All her conversations with Mrs. Gournay, and with Rachael, served only to depress her spirits more: they appeared more cold and gloomy than before; they spoke of the expected arrival of the two priests as near at hand, when the whole house was to be put under a new and severe discipline. Mrs. Gournay informed Edouarda it would

would be proper that ſhe ſhould prepare herſelf for confeſſion, and put her conſcience entirely under the direction of theſe good men, ſubmitting herſelf implicitly to their direction. Edouarda trembled at the idea, though the innocence and purity of her mind could be equalled by nothing but the misfortunes which ſo undeſervedly overwhelmed her.

Among the acquaintance ſhe had formed in the convent was a Miſs Hervey, an Engliſh woman, about ſeven-and-twenty, poſſeſſed a very ſtrong and clear underſtanding, and had enjoyed the advantage of very extenſive reading. Reduced by the circumſtances of her father, who had loſt his fortune in the war with America, to become a teacher of young perſons, ſhe had very wiſely placed herſelf at a convent, to obtain the qualifications neceſſary for inſtructing others in French, and fine works; reſiſted and treated with contempt the efforts that had been made, on her firſt reſiding there, to induce

induce her to change her religion, she had been suffered afterwards to remain unmolested on the subject. Edouarda was particularly the object of her notice and affection, not only as a native of the same country, but because of the sweetness and simplicity of her temper and character. The Superior of the Convent died, and her successor, much less a bigot, did not seem to recollect that the orders given in regard to Miss Falconberg were very ill observed, when she was suffered to be so much with her country-woman, a Protestant. Edouarda had a penetrating and inquiring mind; she had been a sufferer in her infancy from the austerities of her religion; she was now disgusted by its mummery, and by that pretence to superior virtue which she observed among persons who were devoured by every odious passion which they could indulge. The conversation of Miss Hervey had completed what her own natural good sense began;

began; and in fact Edouarda had long ceaſed to be a Catholic of the Romiſh Church, though ſtill under the cruel neceſſity of undergoing forms, and aſſiſting at ceremonies, from which her heart and her reaſon equally revolted.

The ſcene ſhe was now in was not likely to reconcile her to thoſe harſh and gloomy prejudices, to which ſhe owed all her diſtreſs, and which appeared to her to have baniſhed her from the protection and the heart of her father. But, forlorn as ſhe now felt herſelf, her actual ſituation was infinitely leſs uneaſy than that to which ſhe looked forward when the two prieſts ſhould return, before whoſe auſterity and bigotry the ignorant and unreſiſting votaries in the houſe appeared to tremble. How could ſhe endure the arrogant and peremptory manner in which they demanded implicit obedience? How evade the ſcrutinizing zeal, either real or pretended, with which her principles would be

be examined; or the humiliations to which her want of enthuſiaſm, or of hypocriſy, might expoſe her? Far from theſe eccleſiaſtics being the means of reconciling her to her father, there was every reaſon to apprehend that their intereſt would direct them to keep her at a diſtance from him. The little ſhe had ſeen of Galezza had given her the moſt unfavourable impreſſion of him; and from all ſhe had collected of the auſtere character of the Italian, he would be yet more formidable. Both might be expected every hour, and it was probable the firſt conſultation they held would decide on her fate; a fate perhaps inſupportable, and which there appeared to be no way of avoiding, unleſs ſhe could ſucceed before their arrival in opening the heart of her father to ſentiments of parental love.

The attempt to ſee him having once failed, all that related to it was now doubly arduous. Her ſpirits too were dejected,

dejected, and her health enfeebled; yet the apprehenſion that the prieſts would ſoon cloſe every avenue againſt her, and the conviction that ſhe could not be more unfortunate if ſhe failed, than if ſhe neglected to avail herſelf of the little time ſhe had left, at length decided her. On returning from her luckleſs excurſion ſhe had remarked the apartments which were inhabited by Sir Mordaunt, and thought that if there was a ſuite of rooms, or a gallery, beyond a door which opened to one ſide of her own, it muſt lead to that end of the houſe where he lived. Mrs. Gournay had told her he was ill; it was unlikely then that he was out, and perhaps the weakneſs of his frame might ſoften the aſperity of his temper.—It was worth the trial.

Edouarda, ſtill believing that any appearance of adhering to the rules of a religious order would be a circumſtance in her favour in the opinion of Sir Mordaunt, again put on her nun's dreſs, and

and liſtening for near an hour with great attention to the noiſes about the houſe, and watching for the lights, ſhe believed every one was aſleep ſave him ſhe wiſhed to ſee. From the apartments now known to be his, ſhe thought a faint light was reflected on an oppoſite wall, and now with tremulous hands ſhe began to try if ſhe could open the doors that were between them.

The firſt lock which ſhe attempted turned with very little difficulty; but by the taper ſhe held ſhe ſaw that the room it opened into was full of ſpare furniture and lumber. Great old-faſhioned chairs, cheſts, and bedſteads were promiſcuouſly huddled upon one other; with frames without pictures, and pictures without frames; eſcutcheons of all ſizes and deſcriptions, and pieces of old ſtatues, which ſeemed once to have been held in greater veneration, and to have been objects of adoration. One of theſe was a crucifix, either of ſtone or wood, painted

painted nearly to reſemble an human body, and as large as life*. Edouarda had been accuſtomed to contemplate ſuch repreſentations; yet by the dim light ſhe held, and amid ſo many objects rendered doubtful by the obſcurity they were involved in, it made her ſhudder. She paſſed however under it to open the door againſt which it partly leaned, and found herſelf in a matted paſſage; and now ſhe trembled at her own footſteps, as ſlowly ſhe crept along it, and even her breathing and the pulſation of her arteries were, from the profound ſilence, ſo diſtinctly heard, that ſhe fancied they muſt be equally audible to others, ſhould this avenue lead to any other part of the houſe. It became wider and higher.—The floor was ſtill covered with matting, and here and there againſt the wall was

* This repreſentation formerly very frequent in France on eminences or on quays, and ſometimes here ſeveral roads met, is called un Calvaire.

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an iron ſconce made to hold a candle. At length one ſide of the paſſage broke into arches, and the chapel appeared below it, while the continuation of the paſſage or gallery where Edouarda ſtood went quite round to the organ-loft on the oppoſite ſide.

Fear of ſhe hardly knew what, beſides the dread mingled with hope that ſhe ſhould meet her father, now ſo entirely overcame the trembling inquirer, that ſhe had no courage to go towards the organ. A ſtrange apprehenſion of ſome fearful ſhape, concealed beneath the dark curtain that ſurrounded it, ſuddenly ſtruck her; and abandoning her project for that night, ſhe turned to haſten back by the way ſhe came. The door by which ſhe had entered the gallery was open, and fearfully ſhe caſt her eyes through it on the impenetrable gloom of the rooms ſhe had before paſſed. As ſhe heſitated a moment, almoſt doubting whether again to explore them, a deep and long-drawn ſigh

ſeemed to come from the other extremity of the paſſage, which ſhe perceived led a great deal farther in an oppoſite direction from that which ſhe had before followed. Terror, ſuch as Edouarda had never been conſcious of before, now ſeized her; ſhe plunged into the dark labyrinth which ſhe had feared a ſecond time to paſs, and with no other care than that her candle ſhould not be extinguiſhed, haſtened as much as the nature of the incumbered rooms would admit to regain her own apartment.

Having reached it, and ſhut the door ſhe had before been ſo anxious to open, Edouarda began with herſelf all thoſe arguments that are uſual in ſuch caſes; fancy, the wind, ſome accidental noiſe, all were called upon to account for her alarm, but all to very little purpoſe. The low moan, or rather hollow and broken ſigh, ſtill painfully recurred to her; and though ſhe crept trembling to her bed, her eyes were frequently directed to the door where ſhe thought the

ſpectre or ſtrange being which had uttered it would perhaps appear.—At another the hope that ſhe had diſcovered the means of ſeeing her father would have ſupported her, or ſhe would have perſuaded herſelf that it was his voice ſhe had heard; but dread at this moment entirely counteracted thoſe efforts which reaſon would have made to re-aſſure her, and it was long before her fears would ſuffer her to taſte any repoſe.

Sleep at laſt relieved her; and when ſhe awoke on the entrance of Rachael the next morning, the day was bright, and the ſun ſhed his ſoul-cheering influence even among the gloomy walls and obſcured caſements of Palſgrave. Edouarda heard the voice of a fellow-being ſpeaking to her with kindneſs. She opened the windows, and felt the breath of morning blowing pure and refreſhing from the neighbouring hills; and the horrors of the preceding night were half forgotten, while her deſire to ſee and be

received by her father returned in all its force.

It was certain that she now knew a way by which she might have access to him, for she was sure that he was regularly at mass; nay, that his room opened into some part of the building in which it was performed, from whence he might hear it when he was too ill to go down into the chapel. It would therefore be easy, could she once again summon resolution, to make her way through the avenue she had thus discovered, and throw herself at her father's feet, even at the altar. Surely he would not in such a moment spurn from him an only child, earnestly attempting to awaken his affection.

Edouarda, much as she had seen of the petrifying powers of bigotry, had yet no idea of the change it can make in the human heart.

Seated at her work at the only window she was suffered to approach, she was

was arguing on her future plans, and endeavouring to conquer all her remaining recollections of the horror occaſioned by the paſt, when, caſting her eyes towards the cloiſter which divided the court from the park, ſhe ſaw the two prieſts in deep conference together: and all ſhe had heard from Rachael of the confeſſion which would be ſtrictly demanded from every inhabitant of the houſe recurred to her with a ſenſation very wide of ſatisfaction; for to relate what ſhe had done with a view to ſee her father, would effectually put it in their power to prevent her ever ſeeing him at all. Rachael ſoon after came into the room to tell her that both the holy men were returned; and before ſhe had time to rally her confuſed thoughts, they entered together.

Galezza was humble and ſilent—Golgota, an older and a different ſort of man, ſaid but little, but what he did ſay was ſevere and ſententious: he inquired of Edouarda the rules by which her

confeſſor in the convent ſhe had left had directed her; ſeemed to think the diſcipline had been too lax, and that the young penitent had not been ſufficiently inſtructed. While Galezza therefore queſtioned her on ſome points by his deſire, and the trembling Edouarda was collecting all her preſence of mind to anſwer him ſo as not to incur ſome ſevere penance, Golgota ſurveyed her with looks, which, though ſhe remarked, ſhe dared not interpret; and the unpleaſant convérſation ended in his bidding her prepare for a general confeſſion previous to the ſolemn celebration of what is called in France, "Le Jour des Morts*," now very nearly approaching.—Theſe directions being given in an authoritative tone by Golgota, he took his coadjutor aſide, walked up and down the room with him ſeveral times converſing in a low voice, and in Spaniſh,

* November 2d, All Souls, when prayers are put up for the dead.

which

which Edouarda did not underſtand; and then the elder repeating to her in a ſolemn and naſal tone what he had before ſaid, they departed together, leaving on the mind of Edouarda an impreſſion it is not eaſy to deſcribe. When, however, ſhe had time to conſider, this painful impreſſion in ſome degree ſubſided. She hoped that the return of theſe men would bring ſome deciſion, and that ſhe ſhould either be received through their means by her father, or that they would adviſe her how to beſtow herſelf, and contrive ſome means for her ſupport. Edouarda had not yet learned how little ſuperſtition and bigotry have to do with humanity and morality; nor how many hypocrites, inſenſible to the two laſt of theſe qualities, acquire aſcendancy over the minds of men by the two firſt.

Sir Mordaunt had indeed been for many years completely prieſt-ridden.—The violence of his paſſions had plunged

him into errors, which the weakneſs of his underſtanding made him believe theſe governors of his conſcience could teach him to wipe away; yet was he ſo far from obtaining that internal peace which only conſcious rectitude can give, that his terrors increaſed in proportion to the domination of the men he truſted; and while life became every day more and more burthenſome to him, he every hour conſidered its termination with greater diſmay.

Edouarda, ſanguine in her natural diſpoſition, though depreſſed by the comfortleſs circumſtances ſhe was in, again recovered reſolution enough to purſue her former projects; and having half perſuaded herſelf out of the viſionary terrors of the preceding night, ſhe reſolved to adventure once more to explore at leaſt the chapel, and the paſſages around it. As ſoon, therefore, as ſhe had finiſhed her dinner, and diſmiſſed Rachael, ſhe ſummoned all her fortitude,

titude, and faſtening the door that communicated with the houſe, that nobody might enter from thence and miſs her, ſhe croſſed, not without ſome palpitation of the heart, the rooms through which ſhe had paſſed the night before. The bright morning had diſappeared in a cold and gloomy afternoon; it was already duſk, and through the broken ſhutters only was any light admitted to guide her way. The matted gallery was not much lighter; but with ſoft ſtep ſhe crept towards the arches, through which the whole area of the chapel was to be diſtinguiſhed.

With aſtoniſhment and terror Edouarda beheld kneeling before the altar a female figure wrapped in a long white woollen garment, like that worn by ſome religious orders. Unable to move from the ſpot where amazement had fixed her, Edouarda, fearing to breathe, continued for ſome time to gaze. A deep and broken ſigh, reſembling what ſhe had be-

ſore heard, proceeded from the phantom (for ſuch only could ſhe believe it to be). With arms raiſed as in the attitude of earneſt ſupplication, and then preſſed as in agony to her breaſt, the figure remained a ſecond or two; and, again deeply ſighing, aroſe from her knees, and ſlowly diſappeared in the gloom which the fretwork of a ſort of gothic ſcreen threw over that ſide of the building.

Edouarda's eyes ſtill remained fixed on the obſcurity through which the ſhape had vaniſhed, and it was a moment before ſhe was collected enough to aſk herſelf what or who this could be?—That it was ſome ſupernatural appearance her good ſenſe would not allow her on reflection to believe, yet the height and general appearance of the form was totally unlike every female in the houſe. From this vague and confuſed inquiry of the moment, Edouarda was rouſed by fancying ſhe heard footſteps ſlowly approach

proach along in the matted gallery.—Variety of terrors then aſſailed her: ſhe at once dreaded the re-appearance of the unknown perſon or ſpectre, and the detection of thoſe who were intereſted in watching her, and almoſt inſtinctively hurried through the deſerted rooms, not daring to cloſe the doors after her, and fearing either to look behind her, leſt the fearful penitent of the altar ſhould glide after her; and yet dreading to find ſome one with hoſtile countenance waiting for her, who would reproach, and perhaps puniſh the curioſity that had led her from her room. The two monks were, above all, objects of her apprehenſions; and as ſhe crept through every door, ſhe figured to herſelf one of them waiting to ſeize her, and confine her with menaces and remonſtrances to her own apartment.

She arrived there, however, unmoleſted but by her own fears; and, gaſping for breath, wondered as ſhe faſtened

the laſt door after her what could have engaged her a ſecond time to leave it. The figure ſhe had ſeen, and for whoſe appearance it was impoſſible for her to account, haunted her imagination inceſſantly. She fancied ſhe ſaw it floating along the dark end of her room, or ſtanding at the moſt diſtant door, and, if ſhe ſlept for a moment, ſtarted ſuddenly at the idea that it was at the foot of her bed; while ſhe dreaded to undraw her curtain, leſt it ſhould there again preſent itſelf. It happened that Mrs. Gournay attended inſtead of Rachael to take away her candle, and faſten the door; and as ſhe ſeemed in one of thoſe ſilent and ſullen humours which Edouarda had by this time obſerved were frequent with her, it was hazardous or uſeleſs to venture aſking any of thoſe queſtions which might give her ſome light on the ſubject ever in her thoughts. An unquiet night was followed by a day as much diſturbed. Though ſhe could not

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expel what ſhe had ſeen a moment from her mind, ſtill it reſiſted the idea of any thing ſupernatural; for though brought up in the very boſom of ſuperſtition, Edouarda had never heeded the tales with which idleneſs and ignorance occupy the otherwiſe liſtleſs hours of exiſtence. Yet how was it poſſible to account for what ſhe had beheld, ſince certainly there was no woman who oſtenſibly inhabited the houſe at all like the figure that had preſented itſelf before the altar of the chapel?

Another day paſſed, and Edouarda, far from again yielding to the impulſe that had urged her to explore the apartments which ſhe ſuppoſed to be inhabited by her father, dared hardly turn her eyes towards that entrance to her room, and occupied herſelf more than once, in trying whether the door was as ſecure within ſide as it could be made.

Towards evening, making this examination for the laſt time, Edouarda was ſtartled

ſtartled by a noiſe which ſhe had never remarked before. She liſtened, not without dread, but ſoon diſtinguiſhed it to be the voice of one or other of the prieſts ſinging veſpers. This convinced her that ſhe had not cloſed all the doors between her room and the avenue to the chapel, in her laſt precipitate retreat. But ſtrong as her fears were that this might lead to a detection of her attempts, they did not give her reſolution to paſs that way again; and an undeſcribable terror, which ſhe felt to be greater than the occaſion ought to have impreſſed, had taken uncontroulable poſſeſſion of her mind.

To add to this, Rachael, who now reſumed her attendance, gave her a ſtrange vague account of a man, a ſtranger, who was ſuppoſed to have no good deſign, that had frequently been met in the park, and diſappeared in a very extraordinary manner, before it was poſſible for any of thoſe who had ſeen him to aſcertain who

or

or what he was. Had not the other equivocal ſhape been ever preſent to Edouarda, ſhe would probably have given but little attention to this ſtory, but her ſpirits were in a ſtate that made her tremblingly attentive to every thing; and when Rachael, in anſwer to her queſtions, began to deſcribe the perſon who had been thus ſeen, it ſuddenly occurred to Edouarda, that his appearance reſembled that of the young man who, addreſſing her in her walk, had ſo much alarmed her. Numberleſs vague conjectures then paſſed through her mind. Surely this raſh and ſtrange young man (of whom ſhe had thought very little ſince her fears of her walk having been diſcovered had ſubſided) could never have undertaken the ſtrange project of introducing himſelf into the houſe, and appearing as a woman? Yet if ſo wild a plan had occurred to him, it would not be in the chapel where the prieſts reſorted ſo conſtantly that he would

would ſeek her clandeſtinely, and at an hour too when it was very improbable ſhe would be found there. This conjecture ſeemed therefore too abſurd to be long dwelt upon. But that the park viſitor might be her tranſient acquaintance did not ſeem very unlikely, when ſhe recollected the vehement aſſeverations he had made, that he muſt and would ſee her again.

Edouarda therefore, though ſhe felt not the leaſt partiality for the ſtranger ſhe had caſually met, and but for the fear he had occaſioned her would hardly have remembered, was by no means eaſy when ſhe heard, that orders had been given by Golgota, to the park-keeper, to take out the blood-hounds, and endeavour to diſcover the haunt of this intruder, who the father ſtrongly ſuſpected had a deſign againſt either the fiſh or the game; for he had once been obſerved by the vigilant eccleſiaſtic himſelf, who being (no doubt bidding

his

his beads) in the willow wood, which crowded over the great pond, had unexpectedly beheld an unknown perſon dart acroſs the narrow green path, leading to the dairy farm at the extremity of the park; and had alſo once ſeen one, who he thought was the ſame man, ſuddenly emerge from the dark ſhrubs near the cloiſter, and hurry acroſs the turf into another holt of trees, with a velocity which the father ſo much deſpaired of equalling, that, though it was moonlight, and the ſuppoſed marauder was diſtinctly ſeen, he did not chooſe to follow him. He apprehended however Sir Mordaunt's wild fowl, fiſh, and veniſon to be in danger of diminution; while Edouarda, hearing of his fears, apprehended that the ſuppoſed robber might have a very different object of purſuit, and ſhe felt from that ſuppoſition greater diſquiet than could eaſily be deſcribed.

The alarm, however, like every other of the kind, died away, and was almoſt forgotten.

forgotten. Nothing was miſſing about the houſe and grounds—the park-keeper could trace nobody with his blood-hounds—and Edouarda had ſoon no other diſquiet than that of preparing for her confeſſion, which was now very ſoon to be made.

Under pretence of inſtructing her, and preparing her for this, Galezza took frequent occaſions of viſiting her. He not only queſtioned her on the rules enjoined her in the convent, with which he appeared to be by no means ſatisfied, but expreſſed ſome doubts as to the principles ſhe had acquired there; and her wavering and doubtful anſwers on points which he thought the moſt material, led him at length to inquire who were then her particular friends and moſt intimate acquaintance; and Edouarda having acknowledged (what ſhe ſuſpected Galezza had already heard from Siſter Rhoda) that a Miſs Harvey, an Engliſh-woman, and a Proteſtant, had been her favourite

favourite companion, he deplored in very energetic terms the dangerous ſtate into which his penitent had fallen, and declared it to be abſolutely neceſſary that, under the directions of Father Golgota, he ſhould put her into a new courſe of diſcipline.——Edouarda's heart ſunk within her. Surely the penance ſhe was already condemned to was ſufficient. A ſtranger in her father's houſe, depending on the will of perſons who were themſelves intereſted dependants, without one friend to whom ſhe might apply for counſel, one boſom on which ſhe might repoſe, and uncertain what was to be her future fate, it ſeemed to be a dreadful aggravation of her ſufferings, if ſhe were now to be condemned, at the mercy of a prieſt, to undergo perſonal puniſhment for undefined crimes. Yet of ſuch it was certain Galezza ſpoke; he perceived the painful impreſſion his converſation made on his innocent auditor, and as quickly underſtood the advan-

advantage he could make of the fears he had thus the power of inſpiring.

After this unpleaſant converſation, he ſuffered Edouarda to remain a day unmoleſted, leaving what he had ſaid to work its whole effect on her mind. In the evening the artful Jeſuit viſited her again, and very ſolemnly entered into a diſquiſition on the ſin of thinking on any ſubject whatever, but thoſe recommended by the ſpiritual directors of the parties. He deſired her never again to recall to her mind any of the pernicious, the helliſh doctrines ſhe had heard from the young woman with whom ſhe had been ſuffered to be ſo improperly familiar; bade her remember the ſtrictneſs with which ſhe had been taught to confeſs her very thoughts; and intimated that the only way to eſcape a very ſevere and immediate puniſhment, would be to confide to him in a private converſation every preſent emotion of her heart, previous to the general confeſſion which ſhe would

would be expected to make in a few days to Father Golgata. Edouarda, in whoſe young mind the early tyranny of bigotry had not ſo far cruſhed its native energy as to make her fears now wholly conquer her reaſon, collected courage enough to aſk Galezza, whether it was any crime in a daughter to wiſh to ſee and be received by her father? The monk, ſtartled at the manner of her aſking this queſtion, heſitated a moment, and then anſwered, "Undoubtedly it is a crime, if you would ſee him contrary to his inclination."—"And," rejoined Edouarda with quickneſs, "is a father guilty of no ſin who repulſes, who abandons his child!"—"That—that—" ſaid Galezza, "that depends—on—in ſhort, Miſs Falconberg, you are now committing the grievous ſin againſt which I have been cautioning you. You are thinking, inſtead of ſubmitting and canvaſſing the duties of other people, when you are enjoined to practiſe your own."

—"Should

—"Should not duties be mutual, reverend father?" again aſked Edouarda.—"Yours," anſwered he ſternly, "is implicit obedience to the will of your father."—"So it ſhall be," ſaid Edouarda, "when he deigns to ſignify his will."—"He ſpeaks by me," cried Galezza with increaſed aſperity.—"How can that be, Sir," replied Edouarda, "when he does not even know I am in his houſe? Father Galezza," continued Edouarda, acquiring new reſolution from the conſciouſneſs that ſhe was right, "if to wiſh to throw myſelf into the protection of my only parent be a crime, I have been guilty of a very great one; for I will now confeſs to you, that being refuſed admiſſion to him by his ſervants, which ſeems to me moſt unjuſt and unnatural, I have more than once tried to break through the barriers thus raiſed between us, and have attempted to find my way alone into the preſence of Sir Mordaunt."

Edouarda,

Edouarda, as ſhe hazarded this confeſſion, kept her eyes fixed on the countenance of Galezza. She ſaw him turn pale, his lips quivered, and an expreſſion of mingled fear and reſentment took poſſeſſion of his features. Edouarda trembled; but ſhe had now gone too far to recede, and with a ſort of deſperate reſolution ſuddenly reſolved to relate the whole. In a voice tremulous from apprehenſion ſhe proceeded:

"Not believing it poſſible, Father, that I could greatly err in attempting what ſeemed to be a part of my duty, I own to you, that I went out one morning at an hour when I thought it poſſible I might meet my father."

"You went out?" ſaid Galezza eagerly; "and whither?".

"Beyond the park; I know not the name of the place, but—" the recollection of the perſon ſhe had ſeen then added

added to her confuſion; "but I did not meet Sir Mordaunt."

Galezza affected to be thunderſtruck with her folly and raſhneſs. "Meet him! How could you hope to meet him there? But that was not your only attempt?"

"At another time I endeavoured to find my way through the houſe; but then I was equally unſucceſsful."

"Some perſon," ſaid Galezza, in agitation he tried to check, "ſome perſon has urged you to this wild and indiſcreet undertaking. I inſiſt upon knowing who was your adviſer?"

"Indeed I had none."

"And did no perſon know of your having left your room with ſuch a deſign?"

"The ſervant who waits in my room, Rachael, ſaw me by accident as I was returning."

"And that ſhe has thought proper to conceal.

conceal. It is well. Now, Miſs Falconberg, it muſt be my care, firſt, to inform my ſuperior of your miſconduct; and, ſecondly, to conſult with him on the means of preventing the like for the future."

"You might eaſily do that, Sir, if you would give me any good reaſon why the daughter ſhould be forcibly held at a diſtance from her father. I would ſubmit to reaſon, nay, I would ſubmit to my *parent's* commands though they ſhould be *un*reaſonable."

"Reaſon! You dare talk of reaſon! I ſee what muſt be done to ſtifle this dangerous, this refractory ſpirit. Unhappy young woman! you know not what you ſeek in deſiring to ſee Sir Mordaunt Falconberg—You would perhaps lay up for yourſelf miſeries to come, too intolerable to be borne by a mind ſo little uſed to religious ſubmiſſion as yours. Would you irritate the diſtracted mind of a man already ſubject to fits of in-

ſanity? and tear open the wounds that months and years of pious conſolation have never been able entirely to heal?"

"Is my father ſubject to fits of inſanity? Good God! and his only child is kept from him!—Oh, holy man!" added Edouarda, throwing herſelf into a ſupplicating attitude, "holy man! have mercy upon him and upon me; and let me, oh! let me try if the voice of nature cannot make itſelf be heard—if the child, a dutiful and affectionate child he ſhall find me, cannot ſpeak peace to his diſturbed ſoul!—Was it my brother's death that has ſo ſadly affected his mind? ſurely he will then find conſolation in ſeeing he has ſtill a daughter, who will weep with him for that ſad event! Surely reaſon, humanity, nature——"

"I will talk to you no more!" cried the Monk, breaking from her as if unable longer to truſt himſelf with her affecting pleading. "I go to ſecure your perſonal ſafety, if that of your ſoul is leſs

eaſily

eaſily to be aſcertained. By what means, after the orders that have been given, did you traverſe this houſe?" He was near the door, but ſtopped as he aſked this queſtion.

Edouarda, who thought no other opportunity might offer for her to have all her apprehenſions cleared up, then ſummoned courage to ſay, that through a door in her bed-chamber, which probably had been forgotten, ſhe had penetrated into the chapel.

"And what did you obſerve there?" cried Galezza, eagerly and angrily advancing towards her.

"Nothing," replied Edouarda, "the firſt time, but the uſual furniture and ornaments of a chapel."

"And the ſecond?" exclaimed the Jeſuit, with a countenance ſo pale and fierce as made her ſhudder.

"The ſecond time, I ſaw a woman, a Nun I ſhould have thought her, kneeling before the altar. I was frightened,

for I believed it was nobody belonging to the houſe."

"That form," ſaid Galezza in a hollow voice, "was not a living woman! it was the condemned ſpirit of thy miſerable mother!"

"Of my mother!" ſhrieked Edouarda.

"Of thy wretched mother! who for her ſins—beware, girl, how thou followeſt her example—of diſobedience to the Holy Church, and for her faithleſs conduct towards her huſband, is condemned to flames and anguiſh—torments which are increaſed by conſciouſneſs; conſciouſneſs perpetually renewed; for at ſtated periods her now vainly repentant ghoſt is permitted to reviſit the ſcene where her evil deeds were perpetrated, and to mourn and lament before the altar of that power which her perverſe and contumelious ſpirit, when in the fleſh, refuſed to obey."

Edouarda could hear no more; ſhe ſank

ſank into the firſt chair near her in a ſtate of inſenſibility, and Galezza diſappeared. When the unhappy Edouarda awoke from her trance of terror, it was quite dark; and ſhe recollected with ſuch dread the laſt fearful words ſhe had heard, that ſhe dared not look round the room, but, feebly creeping to the door which led towards the ſervants' rooms, attempted to open it to call Rachael. It was, however, faſtened without ſide; and finding all her efforts to paſs through it ineffectual, ſhe ſat down by it, from a confuſed idea, that ſhe was there nearer ſome human creatures than ſhe ſhould be in any other part; the ſight of Rachael would now have been the greateſt relief to her—the uſual hour of bringing candles, and making up the fire, was certainly paſt. Yet Rachael came not; all was diſmally ſilent, and ſo dark without, that ſhe could but juſt diſtinguiſh the window from the wainſcot of the room. Terror, as ſhe re-

collected Galezza's words, had again nearly rendered her insensible, till at length a noise was heard without the door. Rachael appeared with a light, and Edouarda in a transport of fear and affliction threw her arms around her, and sobbed convulsively upon her bosom.

Rachael soon gave her to understand that she knew the cause of her present distress; her own eyes indeed were red and swoln. "Ah, Miss!" said the poor girl, "what have you done? What will become of us now? Father Galezza threatens——"

"Threatens!" exclaimed Edouarda: "Ah! Rachael, dear Rachael, what can he do to render me more completely miserable than I am already? Oh! Rachael, save me from this place; let me go, though I should become a wanderer in the fields, and live upon the wild fruit of the hedges; let me go—My father, he says, is mad—Oh! how dreadful!

ful!—And my mother, who I thought was a ſaint, an angel in heaven!——My heart ſinks—I cannot bear to recollect what he ſaid of her."

"Why, ſure," cried Rachael trembling, "what did he ſay? He has been very angry indeed both with Mrs. Gournay and me for letting you, as he ſaid, ramble about the houſe, and go into the chapel, and threatens to have us both penanced by Father Golgota. Ah! dear Miſs! how could you do ſo? But, as I told the Father, it was none of my fault. Holy Mary! how ſhould I know the doors were open? It was no buſineſs of mine to ſee them faſt. For my own part, I would not go through them there rooms, and into the young Squire's as was, that joins them on the left, for all the world. Come, come, Miſs, don't cry and take on ſo. What is, you know, none of us can help. What muſt be muſt be. Sinful mortals as we are, we muſt bear our ſorrows as well as we can.

What if his honour, your father, is touched in the head or ſo, it's no fault of yours —And for the poor lady—but don't aſk me, dear Miſs, don't talk to me about it —pray don't—you know I am bound to give an account of all that paſſes to the Confeſſors to-morrow; and to talk more about it would only be getting into more anger both for you and me. You would not, Miſs, wiſh to have me put under ſevere diſcipline, and ſuffer I don't know what, and all to do you no good."

"If it *were* to do me good," anſwered the weeping Edouarda, "I would not, Rachael, aſk you to ſuffer any thing; I would not be the cauſe of any harm to you for the world; but *can* there be any harm in being humane and charitable, and having pity on my miſery? for indeed, Rachael, I am very miſerable. I ſhall tremble now at every noiſe I hear, thinking it may be my poor father raving; and then the dread of ſeeing my mother—"

Rachael

Rachael ſeemed extremely affected; yet the terror with which the prieſts had inſpired her conquered her natural ſentiments, and with a countenance in which affright was very evidently expreſſed ſhe ſaid, "Dear Miſs, do, pray, for this one night, quiet your mind, and make yourſelf as eaſy as you can. May be things mayn't be ſo bad as you think. His honour, Sir Mordaunt, may come to; and, perhaps, after to-morrow, when Father Golgota gives orders about things before he goes away, he may give leave for you to have ſome more pleaſant days. Come, come, deareſt Miſs, be comforted, pray do; I'll go and get you ſomething warm. Lord be good unto me! Why, you are as cold as a marble ſtone. It's enough to make one all of a tremble to feel your hands."

Rachael then, partly as if to avoid any farther converſation, and partly to relieve the perſonal ſufferings of Edouarda, put down the candle, and haſtened

to procure her ſome relief, with which ſhe promiſed to return in a few moments.

Rachael was faithful to her word; ſhe preſently returned with what ſhe deemed ſomething good, which Edouarda was eaſily prevailed upon to take. The maid then buſied herſelf in making up the fire, which was quite extinguiſhed; and while ſhe was buſtling about to avoid all diſcourſe, Edouarda, in compliance with her advice, got into bed; when Rachael, having made every thing as comfortable as ſhe could for her, at length ventured to approach her, and ſaid, "Now, Miſs, don't you be afeard--if Mrs. Gournay and another perſon, who need not ſee you, come through your room to go out at that door, that there has been all this here piece of work about: for my ſhare I can't go, nor I won't go, and ſomebody muſt do it; ſo Mrs. Gournay, as ſhe is the fitteſt perſon, have undertook it."

Edou-

Edouarda fearfully inquired if Mrs. Gournay had any intention of ſpeaking to her or reproaching her? "Let her ſpare me to-night," ſaid ſhe: "if to have ſought my father be ſo great a crime, and I have not already ſuffered enough, let me at leaſt be permitted to remain tranquil to-night. Alas! my own thoughts are ſufficiently painful to me; yet have I nothing to accuſe myſelf of, ſurely, that in any other houſe would be called a crime. Certainly I am particularly unfortunate!"

Rachael, who dared not anſwer for what was intended, could do no more than accede to Edouarda's earneſt entreaty that ſhe would ſtay by her till this ceremony of ſhutting the doors had paſſed. In a quarter of an hour Mrs. Gournay entered, attended by ſome perſon, whom, from the heavineſs of the ſtep, Edouarda believed to be one of the prieſts; but dreading, as ſhe did, their ſpeaking to reproach her, ſhe dared

not either enquire or look. They were gone a conſiderable time, and again paſſed through her apartment, ſilent and with heavy footſteps, as before: when they were departed, Edouarda, whoſe fears all this had rather aggravated than appeaſed, exerted all her efforts to perſuade Rachael to remain with her the whole night, offering her a part of her bed, and even trying her fidelity with promiſes of emolument, and of preſents of clothes; but Rachael, whether from fear or integrity, reſiſted theſe temptations, and aſſured the innocent unhappy tempter, that ſo far from being of any ſervice to her, any diſobedience on her part to the orders of Mrs. Gournay and Father Galezza would only occaſion her to be diſmiſſed from the care of thoſe apartments, and that ſhe could then never ſee or ſerve her at all. With this Edouarda was at length obliged to be content. Rachael, at her requeſt, went round to every door to ſee they

were faſt, and that which led through the anti-room to the ſervant's ſide, ſhe promiſed to lock without, and not to let the key go out of her poſſeſſion.

Amidſt the half ſlumbers and uneaſy viſions of a troubled night, Edouarda reflected from time to time on the means of releaſing herſelf from a ſituation which became every hour more and more inſupportable, and in which to remain ſeemed as uſeleſs as it was painful. "If," ſaid ſhe, "my father be decidedly inſane, I ſhall never be admitted to ſee him, or, being admitted, ſhall be unknown, or be conſidered as a ſtranger or an enemy. Theſe men who ſeem to have poſſeſſion of his effects, and the cuſtody of his perſon, have undoubtedly obtained their power by means which, helpleſs and ignorant as I am, I cannot counteract. I am too probably in their way; and what are they not capable of doing to remove me?" This thought led to others. "Good God! how can I tell

I tell but that my mother, my poor unhappy mother, fell a ſacrifice to the arts of theſe, or men reſembling theſe? and they would now perhaps blacken the memory of her whom they have deſtroyed. I have always heard that my father was very rich. Theſe prieſts poſſeſs his property, and would drive away his only ſurviving child. I have been told, even in my convent, ſtories that might well authorize ſuch a conjecture. There is ſurely nothing uncharitable in tranſlating the looks of Galezza as foreboding me no good. I do not indeed quite underſtand what they mean, but methinks I would encounter any difficulty, any hardſhip, in another mode of life, rather than meet them often. Yet whither can I go? Alas! an alien from my infancy, I have not one friend in England that knows me, that can be intereſted about me, unleſs indeed it be Miſs Harvey. And I know not where ſhe is, or whither ſhe went when ſhe

was,

was, like me, compelled to quit St. Quintin. Beſides, how could I endure to become troubleſome to her, who is herſelf a dependant, and in no comfortable circumſtances? But, indeed, it is uſeleſs to conſider to whom I could go, when to eſcape from this place, and reach any, where I could find an aſylum, ſeems alike impoſſible.

On Rachael however finally reſted the little hope that Edouarda entertained, either of eſcaping from her mournful confinement, or being enabled to endure its inconveniences till her eſcape could be effected. There are ſome perſons, who, from a finer tact, a certain intuitive ſenſibility, can, without having had much knowledge of the world, judge of the feelings and diſpoſitions of the perſons with whom they have occaſion to converſe. Edouarda had a great deal of this natural judgment; and ſhe fancied that Rachael was withheld only by her fears and prejudices from following the dictates

dictates of a naturally good and compaſſionate temper.

It happened, fortunately enough for Edouarda, that this humble friend had a heart better than her underſtanding. The latter, by the awe ſhe felt for her ſuperiors, by the prejudices of ſuperſtition and the fears of puniſhment, was frequently enfeebled, and became ſubſervient to any of the perſons who had acquired a temporary or rather a ſpiritual power over her; but her heart was tender and affectionate; ſhe could not bear to ſee diſtreſs; and the pity ſhe felt for the ſorrows of others, had frequently brought on her ſorrows of her own. Rachael was yet young; and among other private grievances had lately been ſeparated from a lover, the ſon of one of Sir Mordaunt's tenants, who had been compelled to quit his farm, and go to ſervice in a diſtant county by the ſeverity of Camus, in regard to arrears, and, as Rachael thought, at the

the inſtigation of the Monks, who diſliked the family becauſe they were the only tenants on the eſtate who were not Catholics. Rachael dared not complain of this act of tyranny; but it made a deep impreſſion on her mind, and embittered it againſt the managers of the houſe, whoſe lives were, as ſhe now began to think, paſſed only in oppreſſing and rendering others miſerable. From continually ſeeing inſtances of this, and feeling her own hopes withering in the diſmal ſubjection to which ſhe was condemned, ſhe began to queſtion the right of the Jeſuits to the authority they exerciſed: and when power is fixed on no firmer baſis than that of ſuperſtition, the moment the oppreſſed venture to examine it, the ſuperſtructure trembles to its baſe.

The tears, the terrors, the gentle complaints of Edouarda, as well as the dependance ſhe ſeemed to have on Rachael as her only friend, had already produced

produced a great effect on the mind of this girl. Common reaſon, and that conſciouſneſs of right which dwells in the moſt uninformed minds, urged her continually to aſk herſelf, whether theſe two men ought to keep away a child from her father, and to poſſeſs themſelves of all authority and property in a houſe, when the right heir to it remained as in a priſon? Yet the reaſon that produced theſe inquiries was not ſufficiently ſtrong to enable the mind that made them to combat the dread with which ſhe had at an early age been inſpired. Rachael was by no means in the ſecrets of the internal part of the houſe. She knew that Sir Mordaunt was at times deranged in his mind, and ſhe firmly believed that the ſpirit of Lady Falconberg, notwithſtanding the pious endeavours that had been uſed to pray it out of purgatory, was ſtill enduring its pains; or only exchanged them for the melancholy alternative of wandering about its former

former abode, tormented and tormenting; and ideas of this terrific ſhade, and others with which the legends of Palſgrave Abbey teemed, had been ſo early (for ſhe was the daughter of a man who lived on the domain) and ſo long impreſſed on her imagination, that ſhe as little doubted of their reality as of the exiſtence of the objects daily before her eyes. Still, however, ſhe thought it very ſad that her young lady, who was ſo innocent and good, and "to be ſure had never hurt any body," ſhould be made ſo unhappy in her home where ſhe ought to be miſtreſs. On a diſpoſition thus prepared, Edouarda began once more to try all the perſuaſive arts ſhe was miſtreſs of.

The ſo much dreaded day of confeſſion was over, and Edouarda ſoon ſaw that what ſhe ſaid to Rachael had great effect. The latter became by degrees much leſs reſerved; ventured to tell things that had been whiſpered in the neighbourhood of ſome actions of Galezza

lezza which accorded ill with the ſanctity he pretended to; and hazarded repeating what had long been whiſpered in the country, that the great lady with whom Father Golgota paſſed a conſiderable part of his time did not court his company from motives altogether ſpiritual. Theſe hints ſerved only to add terror to the apprehenſions that Edouarda already entertained of the two Jeſuits. But when ſhe began to diſcourſe on the poſſibility of eſcaping from their power, ſhe found that Rachael could not give her any aſſiſtance. Herſelf the daughter of a petty farmer, but little above a cottager, ſhe had no idea of the world beyond what ſhe had ſeen. Her parents had not the power, nor would they it was almoſt certain have the will, to conceal any one from the ſearch that would undoubtedly be made after them. And they were ſo poor, that nothing could be obtained from them to carry the fugitives farther. Various conferences therefore

therefore with Rachael, and various ſchemes debated in her own mind, ſerved only to convince Edouarda that ſhe was effectually a priſoner, and that, how uneaſy ſoever her reſidence might be, it was impoſſible for her to leave it.

The total confinement which ſhe was now obliged to ſubmit to was extremely dreadful. The hope of ſeeing and being received by her father had for a long time ſupported her; but now, without any ſuch proſpect before her, ſhe was not only decidedly a captive, but expoſed to the viſits of Galezza, which ſhe every day diſliked more and more. As the authoritative tone he had taken at firſt had, as he plainly perceived, produced diſlike rather than ſubmiſſion, he gradually and artfully changed it; affected firſt to deſire only to be uſeful and inſtructive to the young lady, adviſe her to re-commence her Italian ſtudies (which Edouarda, had any other perſon propoſed it, would eagerly

eagerly have agreed to); then contrived, by bringing her Italian books and reading to her ſome celebrated paſſages, to conquer the firſt reluctance ſhe had ſhewn, and afterwards took occaſion to flatter her, diſtantly and delicately. Edouarda, notwithſtanding that he thus actually made ſome progreſs in ſubduing the extreme diſlike ſhe had at firſt conceived, could not however prevail upon herſelf to have any confidence in him; there was ſomething in his look that always made her ſhrink; and though ſhe at length accepted ſome books and occaſionally read Italian to him, ſhe never did the latter without previouſly contriving to have Rachael at work in her room. She could not bear the idea of being left alone with the Jeſuit; nor, much as ſhe languiſhed for information in regard to her father, would ſhe lay herſelf under any obligations by aſking of him any queſtions whatſoever. This coldneſs and even averſion on her part,

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as ſhe took little pains to diſguiſe it, Galezza ſaw from the firſt; but he knew his own power too well to be eaſily diſcouraged, and the very anxiety and earneſtneſs with which he meditated how to conquer it, arouſed new ideas, and opened to him proſpects which he had never till then ventured to contemplate.

Whatever were his views, he gradually receded from the auſterity he had at firſt aſſumed, which he was now convinced could not intimidate, but might effectually diſguſt, the young recluſe. His principal, father Golgota, being now gone, he pretended to be unwilling rigorouſly to enforce the orders left with him, and more deſirous of appealing to that good ſenſe of obedience and ſubmiſſion, which he affected to believe was inherent in the mind of Edouarda, than ſolicitous to inſiſt on the duties which he was enjoined by his ſtation to ſee her perform. Edouarda was too well pleaſed with the effect of this reſolution of the

Father,

Father, to inquire very minutely into the cauſe. She knew that, whatever might be his intention, ſhe never could be ſo much the dupe of his art as to confide in him, and thought that ſhe might very fairly take advantage of his hypocriſy, to obtain for herſelf ſuch alleviations of her preſent uncomfortable ſituation as it would admit of.

He had himſelf acknowledged that Sir Mordaunt was in an inſane condition of mind; of courſe he was no longer likely to be walking alone at any hour in the park, or about the grounds; and Edouarda imagined one great objection to her being allowed air and exerciſe muſt be removed. She took occaſion therefore to obſerve to Galezza, that her health had already ſuffered from long confinement, and that, as ſhe would promiſe to make no attempt to ſee her father while he remained in his preſent unhappy ſtate, ſhe thought her confinement might be mitigated.

Galezza

Galezza affected, or poſſibly felt, great reluctance in yielding to her requeſt. He made many objections; deſired time to conſider of it; ſtated the danger of her meeting the ſtranger who was ſuppoſed to lurk with no good deſigns about the domain, or of her being expoſed to the obſervation of other perſons. But Edouarda returned again and again to the charge; obviated his objections, and offered to let the hours of her excurſions be regulated by his directions to Rachael, who ſhould be the conſtant companion of her walks. Galezza, being at length driven from all his excuſes, conſented; and Edouarda, who, in conſequence of this, took care to abate nothing of her reſerve towards him, or to appear as if ſhe had obtained a favour, ſeized the earlieſt opportunity of availing herſelf of the ſlight degree of liberty thus granted her.

Late as it was in the ſeaſon, Edouarda found in the freedom of wandering about

the park, as much ſatisfaction as any thing could now beſtow. It was very extenſive, and in many parts overſhadowed with old trees, the growth of centuries. They were now half ſtripped of their foliage; and the ground, beneath oaks ſo immenſe as to be worthy to have been conſecrated by the Druids of Mona, was ſtrewn with their red leaves; but the fir woods ſtill afforded ſhelter from the winds, and dry walking beneath them; a long plantation of pines and firs on a gentle declivity of the park, terminating among the aquatic trees that were grouped near the water, was the favourite walk of Edouarda.

She had now enjoyed her rambles about a week; and as nothing had ever appeared to juſtify the precaution of her taking Rachael with her (who was often wanted by Mrs. Gournay when Edouarda wiſhed for her attendance), ſhe reſolved to venture alone. Her enjoyments were increaſed, while the difficul-

ties of her going out were leſſened. The gloom, not diſpleaſing though affecting, of every object around her, impreſſed no fear; and if, as not unfrequently it happened, the idea of what ſhe had ſeen in the chapel, which was now ſaid to be the ſpirit of her mother, croſſed her mind, ſhe ſhuddered, yet hardly with a ſenſation of apprehenſion. Tears filled her eyes, and, ſtill doubting whether Galezza believed himſelf what he had told her, ſhe felt ſomething like a vague yet fearful wiſh to be able herſelf to aſcertain of what nature the viſion was which had at firſt cauſed her ſo much conſternation and amazement.

By degrees, the natural good ſenſe and rectitude of her mind taught her to argue more rationally on this ſubject. "Is it indeed," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe reflected on it, "the ſpirit of my mother? From her, during her life, though I was hardly three years old when ſhe died, and do not remember her, did I ever receive any

thing but kindneſs and affection? From her then, what ſhould I fear, if her diſembodied ſpirit be permitted to return from another ſtate of being? And if it be true, that ſpirits ſo exiſting are conſcious of what paſſes here; may it not ſoothe that venerated and beloved ſpirit ſhould her daughter be known to her? Yes, I will collect courage to addreſs this dear ſhade, if a ſhade it be, ſhould I ever be ſuffered again to behold it."

When Edouarda began the ſoliloquy that led to this reſolution, ſhe was in the pine coppice. It was duſk though hardly four o'clock; the air was remarkably ſtill; and hardly a bird fluttered among the firs and underwood that crowded on each ſide over a very long ſtrait walk that was once graſs, and would ſtill have been ſo but for the drip of the trees. She caſt her eyes forwards toward the place where the evergreens mingled with the aquatic trees on the banks of the great pond, and ſhe beheld about

three hundred yards down this walk a figure moving towards her; but ſuch was the diſtance and the obſcurity that it was impoſſible to tell what it was. All the reſolutions ſhe had juſt formed vaniſhed in ſuch extreme dread, that every limb trembled, and a cold dew was on her face. To remove her eyes from the ſtill approaching figure was however impoſſible, but it was too remote for her yet to diſtinguiſh what it might be. Edouarda ſtopped, from mere inability to go on. Her knees refuſed to ſupport her. She had paſſed a bench about twenty yards higher than the ſpot ſhe was now at; and fearing ſhe ſhould fall, ſhe ſlowly retreated towards it, ſtill looking behind her, and ſat down. Her retiring ſeemed to haſten the perſon approaching her.

Galezza was, ſhe knew, gone out for ſome days. Her fears did not therefore point towards him, when ſhe obſerved the ſhape approaching her was in

man's apparel. Her giddy admirer, the young ſportſman, then occurred to her; or it was, perhaps, ſome other wanderer, who might give her even more cauſe for alarm. But there was now no longer time for conjecture. A perſon was already at her feet. In figure it was a youth of ſeventeen or eighteen. In look, in ſize, and even in voice—it was herſelf appearing to herſelf!

The undeſcribable emotions of Edouarda kept her ſilent and motionleſs; while, taking her trembling hand, this phenomenon ſpoke to her: "I am at length fortunate enough to ſee you—Edouarda, ſpeak to your brother!"

"My brother!" cried ſhe, hardly able to articulate. "*Have* I a brother?—Oh! no, no, they are both dead—dead, long, long ago."

"The elder is indeed dead, Edouarda, and I have been believed ſo—I have been cruelly uſed, by the order too of my own father.—Oh! you cannot imagine

imagine what I have undergone, Edouarda, or by what extraordinary means I have got hither.—Do you doubt that I am your brother? Does the likeneſs between us ſay nothing in my favour?—Deareſt girl," continued he, throwing his arms round her, "do not *you* too caſt me off, and forſake me.—Pity me, my ſiſter; pity yourſelf, and let us unite in our endeavours to vindicate the injured memory of our mother, if indeed only the memory of her remain, and to demand of a cruel father juſtice for her and for ourſelves."

Edouarda was ſtill unable to reply rationally; amazement ſeemed to annihilate her faculties.—The young man was by this time ſeated by her—his arms ſupported her—and by relating ſlightly his own hiſtory, he endeavoured to reaſſure and convince her that ſhe really ſpoke to her brother.

"I have no recollection," ſaid he, "of being ſent away from this place;

for I was an infant in the cradle.—You know, perhaps, *why* I was at that innocent and helpleſs age abandoned?"

"Oh, no," ſighed Edouarda; "indeed I never heard."

"Nor I," rejoined her brother, "till lately; nay, I did not even know who I was. I was brought up till I was twelve years old as the ſon of an Italian peaſant, and then received out of charity, as it was ſaid, at a convent of Dominicans, where I was deſtined to take the vows. A moſt extraordinary accident diſcovered to me, eighteen months ago, who and what I was.—I cannot now enter into particulars—Suffice it to ſay, that I found a protector in an Engliſhman, who not only took the greateſt pains to aſcertain my family, but furniſhed me with money to eſcape to England, and now expects with friendly zeal the ſucceſs of my endeavours to make my father acknowledge me.—Edouarda, my dear ſiſter, recollect yourſelf; look not,

not, tremble not thus.—Ah! you little know the caution I have uſed not to alarm you, and with what difficulty I have ſtifled my earneſt deſire to ſpeak to you before. Anſwer me then, Edouarda! anſwer me, and tell me you are glad I have found my ſiſter. I cannot expreſs myſelf well; I have learned Engliſh only lately. The poor lay-brother, the ſervant of a convent, has had but a bad education, my dear ſiſter; but he has a heart above his fortunes, and it is warm towards you.—Do not look, then, as if you were ſorry that we had met—that I come to you thus, as it were from the grave!"

"From the grave indeed!—Forgive me, my brother: my heart is ready to burſt with ſenſations that I cannot define. So ſtrange does all this ſeem, that I dare not give way to my joy, leſt it ſhould be all a dream.—But tell me, what can I do for you? What do you propoſe to do?"

"Galezza is now out," anſwered the young man.

"Only for a few days, I believe."

"And are you very ſure that the ſtate of Sir Mordaunt is ſuch as has been repreſented?"

"Alas! I have never ſeen him, brother. The greateſt pains have been taken to exclude me from a ſight of him: and if it were once known, dear Henry, that *you* were here—I know not exactly why it ſhould be ſo—but I am very ſure that there is nothing thoſe two prieſts would not attempt to keep you from a ſight of our parent—nothing they would not do to divide us from each other, and both from Si Mordaunt."

"Their motives," anſwered young Falconberg, "are eaſily underſtood; they are at preſent maſters of all Sir Mordaunt's property, and whatever interferes with their poſſeſſions muſt be unwelcome.—Return, beloved Edouarda, to the houſe: to-morrow I will again

again meet you here, or in any other ſpot that you ſhall name as ſafer; I have a friend to whoſe kindneſs I owe it that I am here—to him only I am obliged for the power of leaving Italy, and of travelling to England: without him I have done nothing: it is by his advice I have ſought you in this our paternal domain; about which I have long hovered; have often ſeen you when you little imagined any one was near you; but never till this evening have I had an opportunity of ſpeaking to you alone. Tell me, who is the ſervant that ſometimes accompanies you? Is there no means of making a friend of her? Then perhaps I could obtain admittance to the houſe, and we could conſult together in greater ſafety. But no time muſt be loſt in this—If Galezza returns before our plans are digeſted, we may be baffled; if Golgota ſhould come back, they moſt undoubtedly will."

The trembling and ſtill-aſtoniſhed Edouarda promiſed to attempt, even

that night, to engage the female ſervant to conſent to their interviews; and, as it was by this time nearly dark, Edouarda, afraid of reproof from Mrs. Gournay, became deſirous of haſtening to the houſe. Her brother took her arm within his, obſerving that there would be no danger of their being ſeen at that hour and amidſt the obſcurity of the walk where they were. Edouarda had not yet recovered her aſtoniſhment.—"My brother!" ſaid ſhe; "is it indeed true that I have a brother?—that Sir Mordaunt, who has never ceaſed deploring the death of one of his ſons, ſhould have another whoſe exiſtence he wiſhed to conceal?—Surely, dear Henry, there is ſome frightful myſtery about our unhappy family, which we cannot penetrate—ſomething that condemns *us* to ſuffer in ſilence the penalties of errors not our own."

Falconberg replied in a low and grave tone: "There *is*, my ſiſter, a cruel myſ-

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tery—Wicked arts have, I fear, been made uſe of—perhaps—but let us not depreſs each other to-night; you have undergone emotion enough, and believe me, deareſt Edouarda, I have had my ſhare.—To-morrow, at the ſame hour, or at any other that you will name, where ſhall I meet you?"

"In the ſame ſpot where we met to-night—It is never frequented, I imagine for you are the only human being I have ever ſeen in it."

They were now advanced to the middle of the willow wood—A heavy miſt was riſing from the water, and Falconberg ſeemed impatient of his ſiſter's ſtay leſt her health ſhould ſuffer; yet it was with pain and reluctance they parted. He preſſed repeatedly her hand to his lips, and beſought her to take care of herſelf for him.—"You, Edouarda," ſaid he, "you and I are alone in the world—let us love each other as if we had been brought up together."—Edou-

arda

arda anſwered him with equal tenderneſs: "But whither," ſaid ſhe, "go you, dear Henry, to-night? And who is the friend to whom you are ſo much obliged? I have always underſtood that there were very few gentlemen's houſes in this diſtrict, and that our poor father has kept them all at ſo great a diſtance, that they had long ſince ceaſed to remember that our family exiſted, or if they did it was only to deſpiſe and avoid us."

"All that," replied Falconberg, "is generally true; but an exception has been found in my favour in a manner which I have not now time to relate.—We have much, my Edouarda, to ſay to each other—Be it your care to find an eaſy and ſafe way of converſing."—Edouarda then again took leave of him, and they ſeparated. He followed her with his eyes, for her white gown could ſtill be diſtinguiſhed through the increaſing darkneſs, and at length the willows and ſallows hid her wholly from his ſight;

ſight; and Edouarda, when ſhe was conſcious he could ſee her no longer, ſtopped and liſtened; ſhe wiſhed ſtill to hear his footſteps, but all was profoundly ſilent; and, breathleſs with the variety of emotions ſhe had felt, and which had not yet ſubſided, ſhe found herſelf in her own room, and was very glad to obſerve that Rachael, when ſhe came up, did not appear much ſurpriſed at her long abſence.

It was neceſſary to haſten the inquiry now to be made, whether the indulgence obtained from this ſervant would be extended to the reception of her brother—Her brother! the certainty of her having ſo dear a relation, and one who appeared ſo amiable, ſeemed, while Edouarda reflected upon it, to be a dream from which ſhe trembled to awake.—"My brother! my Henry!" ſhe repeatedly exclaimed, "is it poſſible you live, and are all that the fondeſt parent could wiſh, yet are diſowned, baniſhed—diſcarded by your father?—What is this fearful

fearful myſtery that has occaſioned ſo unnatural a ſeparation? What muſt the heart be made of, that could ſo abandon you? Or what muſt have been the arts which have thus cloſed that heart againſt you? For, whatever may now be Sir Mordaunt's ſtate of mind, he was not always ſo injured in his intellects as that this can be imputed to madneſs." Theſe reflections were followed by a thouſand fears, leſt her brother being diſcovered by the men whoſe intereſt it was to keep him for ever unknown, he might yet become the victim of their intrigue.—Edouarda felt alſo a conſiderable degree of dread, leſt the aſcendancy which the Monks had over Rachael might be reſumed, and her ſeeing her brother rendered dangerous or perhaps impoſſible. The ignorant and prejudiced poſſeſs little force of character; perhaps therefore the very means ſhe took to obtain opportunities of converſing with her brother, might be thoſe that would betray him.

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Such apprehenſions, though they deprived her of reſt, failed of lending her reſolution to ſpeak to Rachael on the following day; yet almoſt the commoneſt obſerver would have ſeen by her ſtarting, unſettled manner, by her reſtleſs and wandering eye, and the little attention ſhe gave to any thing that was ſaid, that ſomething preſſed on her mind from which ſhe could not amoment diſengage it.

It happened that on this morning Rachael had received news of the lover, from whom ſhe believed the unfeeling artifices of Camus and his employers had divided her; he was, ſhe had now reaſon to hope unchanged by abſence, and ſhe longed to have an opportunity of talking about him, and of the flattering hopes which his letter had renewed of future happineſs. Edouarda was the only perſon to whom ſhe could diſburthen herſelf, and ſhe began ſuch preliminary diſcourſe as would, ſhe thought, lead to what ſhe had to ſay; but Edouarda, occupied with

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the new and intereſting diſcovery ſhe had herſelf made, attended not with her uſual good-nature and unaffected affability, but walked about the room, put on her hat, took it off, obſerving it was too early to walk—went into the anti-room—returned—then went thither again; for that window looked over a part of the park—at length Rachael remarking ſomething extraordinary, made an excuſe for following her—when her young miſtreſs, fixing her eyes on ſome diſtant object, uttered a faint ſhriek, and turned pale; ſtill however attempting to keep the object in view which had apparently alarmed her, till Rachael eagerly inquiring what was the matter, Edouarda cried: "My brother, it is my brother!" and ſunk almoſt lifeleſs on the window-ſeat.

Rachael, whoſe head was filled with the ſtory of the ghoſt of Lady Falconberg, and other imaginary beings, with which ſuperſtition had peopled the houſe,

now

now imagined that a new recruit was added to the ſpectres ſhe had been uſed to hear of; ſhe had no idea of any other brother that Edouarda could have, but him whoſe funeral ſhe had been witneſs to: her terror therefore was equal to that of Edouarda herſelf; and it ſo much affected her, that when Edouarda, who thought this a good opportunity to explain the truth, began to entreat her to liſten a moment with attention, it was with great difficulty ſhe could perſuade her to be quiet and hear her, and to forbear running down to the houſekeeper's room, to inform its inhabitants that the apparition of Mr. Falconberg had appeared in the park.

Edouarda, who had watched the cauſe of her alarm till ſhe ſaw him diſappear among the woods, and was ſure he was no longer viſible from any of the windows of the houſe, by this time ſufficiently recovered herſelf to relate to Rachael all that had paſſed the preceding evening;

evening; and ſhe had ſoon the pleaſure of finding her auditor took it as ſhe wiſhed. To the unadulterated mind of a ſimple country girl, neither ſophiſtry, however artfully put, nor prejudice, however early impreſſed, could reconcile the cruelty of ſeparating the child from the parent; and to the common rank of women there is ſomething particularly intereſting in a pretty young man "who *oft to* be a rich gentleman, and ride in his own coach, and ſuch-like, being ſent away beyond ſea on purpoſe that he *middent* have his right herritage."—Exactly in this light the ſituation of Falconberg happened to ſtrike Rachael; and neither the ſublimeſt eloquence of all the *ci-devant* Doctors of the Sorbonne, nor even the fear of penance from the fathers Golgota and Galezza, would now have been able to ſhake the reſolution ſhe formed to do all in her power to aſſiſt Edouarda in ſkreening him from the artifices of the prieſts, and endeavour

deavouring to introduce him with ſafety to the preſence of Sir Mordaunt.

Edouarda having thus ſucceeded beyond her hopes in engaging the ſecrecy and ſervices of the only perſon who could aſſiſt her, endeavoured to calm her own ſpirits for the interview of the evening; but her having diſcerned a figure at a diſtance in the park, which ſhe was ſure was Falconberg, had ſo alarmed her leſt any other perſon ſhould alſo have ſeen him, that ſhe found it impoſſible to quiet her mind, or to liſten with any thing but forced and pretended attention to the hiſtory Rachael gave of her preſent expectations and proſpects, which at another time ſhe would have heard with benevolent pleaſure.

Edouarda, when Mrs. Gournay viſited her room, trembled with apprehenſion; ſhe fancied her ſecret viſible in her face, and watched every word and look of the old woman to ſee if ſhe could obſerve nothing like ſymptoms of diſcovery,

diſcovery, or like ſly projects to circumvent her. No unuſual circumſtance however appeared; yet, as the hour approached when Edouarda was to meet her brother, her agitation and anxiety became almoſt inſupportable.—He was waiting for her; and while he eagerly expreſſed the pleaſure he felt in again ſeeing her, Edouarda gently chid him for his indiſcretion in appearing in the park at an hour when it was ſo probable that he would be ſeen. "My dear ſiſter," replied young Falconberg, "do you imagine that I can long paſſively ſubmit to the degradation I have hitherto undergone? Do you ſuppoſe that I will lurk like a felon about my father's houſe, and ſee my rights and yours uſurped by ſuch men as Golgota and Galezza? No; I have ſtooped to ſuch humiliation till I could ſee you, till I could conſult with you, and unite our intereſts as our affections are united; but when once I know what will moſt quickly enable me to throw off the yoke thus wickedly impoſed,

poſed, truſt me, Edouarda, your brother is not of a temper to remain paſſive under it."

However ſhe was pleaſed with his ſpirit, Edouarda could not hear this declaration without ſhuddering. All ſhe could do was to endeavour to ſoothe and appeaſe him. By means of Rachael they were now ſure of being able to ſee each other with ſome degree of ſecurity; and their interview of the enſuing evening paſſed in explanations, and in the hiſtory of their lives, ſince they had, when children yet in early infancy, been baniſhed from the paternal houſe.

Edouarda's ſtory was ſimple, and ſoon told: the latter part of it, however, excited anew the indignation of her brother, when ſhe deſcribed her ſituation on her firſt arrival. His own was more full of incident.—"I have no recollection," ſaid he, "of ever having been in this houſe, or of any other ſtate than that of the child of an Italian peaſant, named

named Rafaelle Tozetti, a ſort of gardener and dependent on a convent of Dominicans, near Zaffita, a village on the banks of the Po. I was conſcious of no other name or conſequence than what was borne by two other boys about the ſame age; we ran about the fields of the Milaneſe, lived on little elſe but the wild fruits we could gather in them, added to a ſmall portion of rye bread, or beans, with oil or a little piece of bacon. Our ſuppoſed parents made us all work equally, as ſoon as we became reſpectively big enough; and Enrico was as little exempt either from ſubſiſting on the hard fare or ſharing the labours of the cottage as his brothers Stephano or Angelo. I grew however ſtrong and robuſt, and had little idea of any other felicity than a play-day at thoſe ſeaſons, when there being no neceſſity for our labour, we might wander about the country, enſnare ſmall birds, and roaſt them after our own manner, between ſome heated ſtones,

under

under a group of cheſnut-trees, the fruit of which ſerved us for bread; then chaſe the cicala, or lucciola, till we had tired ourſelves, and ſleep beneath the ſhelter of the next tuft of ſhrubs till day-break. I learned however of the village ſchoolmaſter to read and write. My firſt ſubject of concern was being ſuddenly removed from this ſimple life of comparative freedom, and taken by a Monk, called Fra Gabriello, to the convent in our neighbourhood, where I was directed to aſſume the functions of a ſort of ſervant, or young lay-brother, and was gravely informed, that, if I acquitted myſelf well for a few years, I ſhould be admitted a member of this religious houſe. I had no evil propenſities, but the dread of becoming a Monk determined me at once *not* to behave well. I was lectured, threatened, beat, and ſometimes half-ſtarved—I behaved ſtill worſe; and being by that time a ſtout boy of fifteen, I determined

one fine evening to bid an eternal adieu to the dread I had of what theſe reverend fathers intended for me; and, accompanied by my brother Stephano, who was two years older than I was, and who deſired to ſee the world, ſet gaily forth by moonlight: and being uſed to walk much and eat little, we reached without difficulty the diſtant port of Genoa; and entering ourſelves as ſhip-boys merely for our food, on board the firſt ſhip that would receive us, we ſoon found ourſelves at Marſeilles.

"I ſuppoſe I behaved much better there than among the fathers of the order of St. Dominic; for the padron, maſter of the veſſel, was unwilling to part with me, when Stephano, having made what he thought a better bargain for himſelf, entered on another ſhip going to the Levant.

"Gratitude had always the power of attaching me: I felt it for my maſter, who voluntarily offered me the ſame wages

wages as Stephano had demanded. I was now too left alone in the world, and my padron ſeemed in place of the connections I had left. With him I went to Barcelona; where, and on the voyage, I learned a little Engliſh, French, and Spaniſh, and the patois ſpoken on the coaſt of the Mediterranean, which is neither French nor Spaniſh. My maſter, on my ſecond voyage, had given me more decent clothes, and increaſed my little ſtipend. I was become a tolerable ſailor, and prided myſelf on being a ſort of interpreter when there happened to be any paſſengers in the ſhip who could not ſpeak Italian. I had now been almoſt eighteen months abſent from the convent, and was returned for the fourth time to Genoa, when, as I was walking one evening on the quay, I was very roughly accoſted by Fra Gabriello, the Dominican, who had, for I know not what reaſon, always been particularly officious in troubling himſelf

about my affairs. He ſeized me, and delivered me to the cuſtody of two ſtrong men, by whom I was, without any queſtion as to the juſtice of the proceeding, forced back to the convent, and confined in one of the cells—ſo cloſely confined, that my eſcape appeared impoſſible.

"It was in vain that I remonſtrated on the injuſtice of this proceeding—The very name of juſtice, or moral right, was unheard of among the Dominicans. It was in vain that I declared I had the moſt invincible averſion to a monaſtic life, and never would take the vows. The holy men thought they knew how to compel me. I called upon Rafaelle Tolzetti, my father, whoſe property alone I conſidered myſelf to be till I was of age. Natural as well as moral law was to yield to the ſuperior power of the church, and I was told that Tolzetti did not dare reclaim me even if he had an inclination, which I was

aſſured

aſſured he had not. I was one day more clamorous and indignant than uſual, and ſpoke to Fra Gabriello, who generally attended me, with more than my former aſperity. I repreſented how very unjuſtly I was treated, and inquired why Stephano had never been ſought after and brought back? The Monk might eaſily have ſaid, Becauſe he had never been received as a domeſtic of the convent; but thrown off his guard by my impetuoſity, and the unanſwerable arguments I drew from truth and nature, he anſwered, that the eſcape of Stephano was of no conſequence, mine of the utmoſt importance; and this for the firſt time gave me a vague and half-formed idea of I knew not what. I ſaw, however, that the Dominican had no ſooner uttered theſe words than he repented of them, and tried to recall them, or explain away their meaning; obſervations which put my mind on the ſtretch, and made me inceſſantly ponder on what he

could mean, and how it happened that *I* was of greater importance than my brothers, or than ſo many other boys whom I had known either voluntarily diſmiſſed by their poor parents to ſeek their own bread, or who, weary of hunger and of reſtraint, had wandered away, without ever being heard of, becauſe they never were inquired for more.

"It was in vain, however, that I perplexed myſelf with conjectures; and though I ſtill thought I ſaw ſomething extraordinary in the looks and manner of the Friars I was now permitted to converſe with, no clue was likely to be found while I was confined; and the reſtleſs deſire I felt to find one, added another motive to my eager wiſhes to be once more at liberty.

"This was not to be hoped for, while the Monks had reaſon to fear I ſhould again try to make my eſcape. They had taught me that equivocation was in all caſes juſtifiable—What wonder

der then if, deaf to that internal voice of integrity which ſtill whiſpered in my heart, I turned againſt themſelves the maxims they wiſhed to teach, and deceived them who had taught me the leſſon of deceit?

"This therefore I practiſed, though not without many internal ſtruggles; and ſo ſucceſsfully practiſed, that, after a confinement of above two months, I was reſtored to as much liberty as conſiſted in my becoming again a ſervant of the convent. At firſt I was narrowly watched; but after a little time the fathers believed, from the unconcerned and even cheerful manner I aſſumed, that I was perfectly reconciled to the mode of life they had choſen for me, and again I was inſtructed in the ſort of learning which is ſuppoſed to qualify a man for becoming the inhabitant of a cloiſter.

"Tolzetti, my reputed father, had, beſides my two brothers, a daughter called

Pernella, who had been married at an early age, as is the cuſtom with Italian girls, to Bernardo Razzi, a ſmall farmer in the neighbourhood. The young woman was uncommonly handſome; and both Tolzetti and his wife loved her with more affection than they did the reſt of their children. The poor woman, my ſuppoſed mother, went early one morning to help her daughter through the day in ſome houſehold buſineſs. At the door ſhe was met by Razzi, her ſon-in-law, whoſe wild air and enflamed eyes terrified her. She inquired the cauſe; and Razzi, as he ruſhed by her, fiercely bade her ſeek it above ſtairs. Trembling and terrified ſhe entered her daughter's room, and found her unfortunate Pernella ſtabbed in ſeveral places, and weltering in her blood on the bed. She was not however dead, but able to confeſs to her mother, that having been long importuned by Fra Giacomo, one of the Dominicans,

nicans, to grant him an aſſignation, ſhe had agreed to admit him that morning when ſhe knew her huſband was to be out before day, to go to a diſtant town; but that he by ſome means or other having intelligence of this appointment, returned the inſtant he ſaw the monk admitted, who eſcaped from the window while Razzi had wreaked his vengeance on the miſerable woman. The mother of Pernella, frantic with grief, collected about her all the people within hearing of her cries; and while one ran for a ſurgeon, another fetched old Tolzetti from his garden; and a third, as if glad of every occaſion to complain of the Monks, flew to me, and, breathleſs with haſte and zeal, told me that Razzi had killed my ſiſter on finding her locked up with one of the brothers of the convent; that my mother was raving over her quite diſtracted, and deſired I would come to them directly. Indignation againſt the people by whom I thought myſelf al-

ready ſo deeply injured, aſſiſted the ſpeed with which I ran towards the farm of Razzi. There I indeed found Pernella to all appearance dying, and her mother, adding the conſtitutional vivacity of her own temper to the ardent ſpirit of the Italian, was uttering execrations againſt the Dominicans, which, while the hearers acknowledged they were juſt, made them ſhudder. Suddenly ſhe turned from her dying daughter, to whom another friar was now adminiſtering the laſt ſacrament; and ſeeing me among the crowd, ſhe ſeized my arm, and cried aloud, "Here! here! look here on Enrico—Enrico is another inſtance of the wickedneſs of thoſe men!—Encrico is no ſon of mine—Enrico is no ſon of Tolzetti—No, no, he is ſtolen from an Engliſh ſignior; they ſay, that it was done to ſave him from being *Eritico*; but do not believe it, my neighbours. We ſhould never have been paid as we have been, if that had been all. Enrico, I

tell

tell you, is ſtolen from his parents for ſome bad and wicked ends; and theſe, theſe, are the holy friars; theſe wolves that come into houſes to kill and deſtroy, and carry away honeſt men's children!" In this manner the wife of Tolzetti ran on, in deſpite of all that could be done to appeaſe her. Her huſband, who had been at ſome diſtance when this confuſion began, by this time made his appearance. He diſperſed the crowd, ſilenced the clamours of his wife by his authority, and, as Pernella was not dead, ſet about informing himſelf of the ſurgeon whether ſhe would die. But unable to obtain any ſatisfaction from a man who was little better than the barber of the village, he went himſelf to fetch Fra Paoli, the monk, who practiſed ſurgery and medicine in the convent. While he was gone, I was left alone with Mother Thereſa, who had hitherto paſſed for mine; and not to diſturb the poor wounded creature whom ſhe lamented,

desired her to repeat to me in a low voice what she had just said. Then for the first time she seemed conscious of her imprudence, and even half inclined to retract; but I told her I had other evidence besides hers, and that hers had been given in too public a manner, and before too many witnesses, to make her recantation possible. I felt however that it was necessary for me to escape instantly; I staid only to make memorandums with a pencil, of such names and dates as Theresa could recollect; and quitting the poor woman, wholly occupied by the hope of recovering her daughter, I hastened to leave the village of Zeffita as far behind me as possible, and never stopped, till, through bye-ways, I reached the small town of Bergamisi, eleven miles distant.

"I then debated with myself what I should do. At Genoa I thought it certain the Monks would seek for me. I bent therefore my steps to another port, and,

and, after a good deal of fatigue and faſting, reached Livorno.

"It then became neceſſary for me to conſider what I ſhould do, and to whom I ſhould apply for aſſiſtance to return to my native country. I had not till now ſuffered myſelf to doubt of the facility with which I ſhould be reſtored to the rank I had been ſo unaccountably degraded from. But now that I ſaw Engliſh people daily before my eyes, and heard a language of which I only knew a few words, yet to which I was to eſtabliſh my claim as being that of my anceſtors, I ſaw all the difficulties of proving what and who I was; and was afraid of being repulſed as an impoſtor, perhaps ſent back as ſuch to the Fathers of St. Dominic. I was deſtitute of money, and among ſtrangers; men who, collected from every quarter of the globe, were occaſionally aſſembled at Leghorn for the purpoſe of traffic. It was not likely that perſons ſo engaged

engaged would have much time or inclination to liſten to a wild and improbable hiſtory, related by an Italian boy. I was conſcious too, that on my firſt eſſay depended my ultimate ſucceſs; and that if my ſtory was careleſsly liſtened to or rudely contemned, I ſhould hardly have the courage a ſecond time to tell it. My wants however began to be very preſſing, and I was to reſolve. I walked ſome turns backwards and forwards in the great ſtreet, examining the countenances of all who paſſed me. In ſome I thought I ſaw only a ſordid attention to gain; in others, I fancied there were traces of ſome trouble or diſcontent, that engroſſed the individual too much to allow him to attend to the calamity of another. At length I obſerved a young man whom I immediately knew to be an Engliſhman. He appeared above the common rank, and rather like one travelling to gratify his curioſity, than with views of mercantile profit. His countenance

tenance attracted my confidence, yet I knew ſo little Engliſh, that I feared to accoſt him in that language. I approached him, however, and aſked in Italian, if he had time and patience to liſten to an unfortunate Engliſh youth, who was, under the moſt extraordinary circumſtances, divided from his country and his natural connections. He looked earneſtly at me, ſeemed ſtruck with my manner, and aſked with ſome ſurpriſe if I ſpoke of myſelf? I anſwered in the affirmative. "Surely," ſaid he, "you are an Italian?" I replied, that I had been brought to Italy in my earlieſt infancy, for purpoſes of which I had no comprehenſion; but that an extraordinary event had lately been the means of informing me that I was the ſon of an Engliſh Baronet of the name of Falconberg, and that I could produce ſome teſtimonials which might convince him of it. There is ſomething in good and generous minds that bids them ſcorn the paltry fears of impoſition, ſince

ſince of any ſuch arts they feel themſelves incapable. My new acquaintance took me with him to his lodgings, and heard my ſtory. I produced the letters I had taken from Thereſa Tolzetti, and he ſeemed convinced that I was the perſon to whom thoſe letters related. It appeared however very ſtrange that a father ſhould thus baniſh his infant child, and try to forget his very exiſtence. "But," ſaid my new-found friend, muſing, "I think I recollect having heard that there was ſomething very ſingular in the character of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg; though, not knowing him, I gave little attention to what was ſaid about him. However," added he, "I ſhall be very glad to be of any uſe to you, both as my countryman and as one labouring under oppreſſion. But not having been in England theſe two years, I cannot be ſo well acquainted with the manner of proceeding as a friend of mine who will be

be here in a few days, in order that we may embark from hence together. And now I remember," added he, "this friend of mine can perhaps lend us ſome light as to the cauſe of your father's conduct; for, though he is not a native of England, he has lived for ſome years in Yorkſhire, and his connections are very much in that county. In the mean time, as I fear you have been expoſed to many inconveniences in your precipitate flight, conſider my lodgings as your own, and me as your banker for any trifling ſum you may want." I expreſſed my gratitude for this generoſity in a way which I ſuppoſe confirmed my friend's opinion that I deſerved it; and our conferences afterwards appeared to ſtrengthen his regard for me. In about four days the friend he expected arrived. He was older by ſome years than Mr. Eaſtcourt, my firſt benefactor; but he did not ſeem leſs generous or humane. Mr. Warren had

ſeen

ſeen a great deal of the world, about which he had now been wandering ſome years, partly for his own amuſement and partly on the public affairs of America, for he was a native of that continent. His mind was the moſt enlightened I had ever obſerved. Conſidering himſelf as a citizen of the world, and all mankind as his brethren, his whole buſineſs ſeemed to be to counteract the ill effects of all thoſe prejudices which teach them only to tear and deſtroy each other. Speaking ſeveral languages with equal facility, and having made the general forms of government as well as the paſſions of individuals his ſtudy, he was poſſeſſed of the means of doing a great deal of good, and no occaſion to do it ever eſcaped him. When Eaſtcourt had related my ſtory to him, and he had examined the documents which confirmed it, he heſitated not to ſay that I ſhould inſtantly apply to ſome Engliſhman of faſhion at Rome, who by application

to

to the Pope would obtain an order to compel the Dominicans to ſhew their authority for detaining me. "Theſe," ſaid Mr. Warren, "are not times when prieſts can with impunity violate all thoſe lines of moral rectitude which other men agree to hold ſacred. A few years ago they might have had power to force back this poor young man, and have condemned him for life to the auſterities of a monaſtery. But, thanks to the ſpirit of inquiry, the parent of all that is good and laudable, the fetters ſo long patiently endured are every day falling off! Mankind will hourly become more enlightened, and therefore more free, and prieſtcraft will ſoon be as little an inſtrument of tyranny as witchcraft. Suppoſe," added Mr. Warren, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Eaſtcourt, "that inſtead of going, as we intended, to wander about Calabria, which we can do at any other time, or do without, we were to go to Rome; take your young client

client with us, and endeavour to deliver him from the uſurped power of theſe Monks, while we aſcertain his right to an eſtabliſhment in England? for to do one without the other will be rendering him but little ſervice, ſince we know, I think, that England is not a country where a man accuſtomed to poverty in Italy would find his condition ameliorated; ſince the poor or thoſe of humble circumſtances in England find it very difficult to exiſt at all. Eaſtcourt, all benevolence, and eager to finiſh the good work he had begun, agreed to the propoſal of his friend. I was properly equipped to accompany them, and we ſet out for Rome. Many advantages beſides its main object attended this journey. I learned Engliſh of my generous friends, and had the good fortune to make hourly advances in their eſteem. I ſaw all that was beſt worth ſeeing, and by degrees loſt the ruſticity of the Italian peaſant, and acquired ſomething of the manners

of

of my protectors. Mr. Warren knew ſo well what he was about, and the advantage the actual ſtate of European politics gave him where he was, that within a fortnight he obtained the order he ſolicited; and leaving Mr. Eaſtcourt and me at Rome, he went himſelf to the Dominican convent.

"Alas! my Edouarda! it is now that I come to that part of my narrative which I hardly know how to communicate to you, ſince I have not yet recovered the ſhock it gave me. Nor indeed ſhall I ever learn to think of it with ſteadineſs. Edouarda, it was my father, Sir Mordaunt, who at the period of early infancy, and even before I was a year old, had expelled me from his houſe and his name. He had, he ſaid, no child but my elder brother—that brother who is ſince dead. Nay, he had ordered that I ſhould be kept entirely ignorant of my family; be brought up as a peaſant boy, till I was old enough

to be profeſſed, and not ſatisfied with that, he had directed information to be ſent to England of my death. Of all this, unnatural and ſtrange as it appears, Mr. Warren brought me ſufficient proofs. One of the brothers of the convent came by the direction of the ſuperior to Rome. He gave me the moſt undoubted conviction, that nothing had been done but by the orders of Sir Mordaunt; ſome of which he ſhewed me ſigned by himſelf; and when, in a ſtate of mind difficult to deſcribe, I queſtioned the Monk as to the motive that could actuate Sir Mordaunt, ah! Edouarda! his anſwers were ſuch as made me tremble, and ſometimes recede from the inquiry; then impelled by the moſt painful ſolicitude to lift the veil from your fate and my own, I again urged it —again ſhuddered and deſiſted."

Edouarda had heard him with a beating heart, and in profound ſilence; he now pauſed, for ſuch was his emotion

that

that he could not proceed. The confuſed thoughts of Edouarda pointed towards her mother; what Galezza had ſaid returned in all its force to her recollection; ſhe dared not however hazard ſo painful a queſtion to her brother, as whether he had heard any reflections caſt on the character of that mother, as a reaſon for the conduct of the father towards her children; yet the anſwers he alluded to, and which he ſaid had ſometimes made him tremble at the inquiry, and ſometimes recede from it, had undoubtedly a reference to thoſe cruel ſuſpicions. The fear that all Galezza had ſaid might be founded in truth was terrible; nor could the reaſon of Edouarda at that moment reſiſt the fearful idea that the troubled ſpirit of an unhappy woman wandered round the ſcene where ſhe had lived in guilt, and died in miſery. It ſeemed like becoming herſelf one of her mother's accuſers, ſhould ſhe repeat this to Henry. Shame

and

and tenderneſs alike prevented her ſpeaking of it, yet by her deep and almoſt convulſive ſighs it was eaſy for him to ſee that ſhe already knew what he could not without ſhuddering relate.

"The pretence then," continued Henry in a low voice, "the pretence under which Sir Mordaunt Falconberg has acted in this manner, is—the miſconduct, as he ſays, of our mother. He has imagined—I ſay imagined—becauſe I dare believe it never exiſted but in his own diſeaſed imagination, a legend of perſonal infidelity—a connection with I know not what young friend of his own, whom he met with in Italy, and received into his houſe. Thoſe artful and deſigning Monks, one of whom, Golgota, is, I underſtand, ſtill about him, were much more likely to invent this infamous calumny, than, from all I have been able to learn of my mother, ſhe was likely to be guilty of a crime."

"Yet," ſaid Edouarda in a faltering voice,

voice, "yet are they not ſatisfied. Their malignity purſues her hapleſs children; nay, it perſecutes *her* even beyond the grave. The ſtory which you, my brother, have heard, perhaps with more minute circumſtances, has been related to me; and they have told me, that a myſterious figure I ſaw in the chapel, when I was attempting to obtain admiſſion to my father—they have told me, Henry, it was the wandering and perturbed ſhade of my mother!"

A ſtroke of electricity could not have had a more ſudden and violent effect than theſe words: "A myſterious figure that *you* have ſeen, Edouarda? Tell me, I charge you, inſtantly, what you ſaw—tell me, deareſt girl, while I am yet able to hear you."

Edouarda, whoſe alarm and agitation were increaſed by the manner in which her brother ſpoke, endeavoured to collect courage enough to relate her motives for exploring the houſe at hours when

ſhe hoped ſhe might unperceived obtain admiſſion to Sir Mordaunt, and what ſhe had obſerved in conſequence of it. When ſhe had concluded, he aſked her with great emotion, whether it was poſſible for him to get into the chapel by the ſame way ſhe had entered it on the evening when ſhe had ſeen this extraordinary appearance? This brought on a narrative of what had happened in conſequence of her confeſſing to Galezza the attempt ſhe had made. "Oh!" cried he, "if that be all, fear not but that I ſhall eaſily find means to force the doors, in whatever way it might be in *his* power to ſecure them. Edouarda," continued he in a ſolemn voice, "I have fearful reaſons for believing that ſome dreadful myſtery DOES hang over us. In ſuch ſuſpenſe I cannot reſt. Delay, ſo far from relieving, will only irritate my anxiety. Edouarda, I *muſt* ſee this queſtionable form. You ſay Galezza is out; the opportunity therefore cannot be more

more favourable——if, indeed, I had not determined to ſcorn all his malice, and ſet myſelf at once above the conſequences. To-night, however, you muſt determine to admit me; and perhaps, dear Edouarda, a few hours, or at leaſt a few days, may reſtore us to our rank in ſociety, and reſtore our unhappy father to himſelf."

Edouarda, though naturally ſanguine, dared not flatter herſelf that her anxiety would ſo ſoon terminate. The very eagerneſs and impetuoſity of her brother was to her an additional reaſon for doubt and apprehenſion, if indeed the confuſed and uneaſy ideas ſhe entertained of her father made her dread leſt Henry ſhould incur ſome perſonal riſk. Having however told him, that in conſequence of her arrangement with Rachael ſhe could ſafely admit him, and dreading herſelf the return of Galezza, nothing was to be ſaid to put him from his deſign, whatever it was. Edouarda, however, before they parted,

that ſhe might prepare the way for his ſecret reception, beſought him to tell where he had taken up his abode ſince his reſidence in the neighbourhood. "Oh! be not in any pain about me," replied her brother. "A cottage—and to a cottage you know I have from my earlieſt infancy been accuſtomed—a cottage, believe me, Edouarda, affords to him who has watched or worked throughout the day, the ſweeteſt and moſt unbroken ſlumbers. I cannot ſay, however, that I have taſted much repoſe hitherto in mine, which is a very poor hut, conſtructed by its humble inhabitant, about two miles off at the foot of the wolds: I have not reſted much, becauſe ever ſince I have been there my mind has been conſtantly agitated either in deviſing means to ſee you, or by the diſappointment of the plans I had formed. Often, as I have lingered about the park, I have fled eagerly to ſome object at a diſtance, my heart beating with the hope

that it was my Edouarda; but I have been cruelly baffled. I approached either a peaſant with hurrying and affrighted ſteps croſſing the domain on a nearer way to the next town, or ſome ſad and ſolemn-looking ſervant, who eyed me with an expreſſion which immediately cauſed me to haſten away as faſt as poſſible; while ſeeming to doubt my reality, none ſhewed any inclination to purſue me. Once or twice I have nearly met one or other of the Monks face to face; but ſurely the conſciences of theſe fathers muſt be ill at eaſe, ſince they ſeem to me to be haunted by apprehenſions which ought not to be the companions of their extraordinary piety. Not long ago I croſſed *il reverendiſſimo padre Golgota*, in the narrow path between the willows on the pond-ſide; but far from attempting to detain me with his ſecular arm if I was an intruder, or to exorciſe me if I was a mere viſion of the night, he made the

beſt of his way from me towards the houſe with a degree of velocity which really ſurpriſed me. After that I became leſs fearful, and ventured to approach nearer to any object I ſaw at a diſtance. Indeed, my apprehenſions were never very great; for I thought, had a cloſe conteſt ariſen, I could have made a tolerable ſtand againſt any of the perſons I had ever ſeen."

Edouarda longed to learn ſome farther particulars of his journey to England, but the hour approached when he could be moſt ſafely admitted to the houſe. The ſignal was to be the great clock tolling nine, at which hour the ſervants aſſembled to their ſupper, all but Rachael, who had been lately requeſted by Edouarda to ſhare hers. Mr. Camus and Mrs. Gournay were engaged in the houſekeeper's room, for they by no means approved, at leaſt on their own account, of any ſevere degree of deprivation; and the part of the

houſe

houſe through which her viſitor was to be conducted, would, Edouarda knew, be at that time free from paſſengers or interruption.

All ſucceeded to the wiſhes of the innocent adventurers, and Henry Falconberg once more found himſelf in the houſe of his fathers.

The idea predominant in his mind was what he had heard of his mother; and ſome farther yet vague information which he had formerly received, appeared to have created a degree of painful curioſity that nothing but a thorough inquiry into the ſubject could appeaſe. He tried, therefore, as ſoon as Edouarda pointed it out to him, to force the door that led through the uninhabited rooms to the chapel; while his ſiſter, frightened at his impetuoſity, and dreading leſt the noiſe he muſt unavoidably make ſhould diſcover him, ſtood trembling near him, now anxious for his ſuc-

ceſs, and now ſhuddering to think of the conſequences it might lead to.

The Monk who had taken the precaution to ſecure theſe doors againſt the tender hands of Edouarda, had not ſuſpected that a more irreſiſtible attack than any ſhe could eſſay would be made on them. The firſt gave the moſt trouble to its eager aſſailant; the reſt, which had been only ſlightly faſtened, as leſs likely to be attempted, eaſily yielded, either from their broken hinges or the decay of the wood-work, to the ſtrength young Falconberg applied; and while Rachael kept guard in Edouarda's room, and ſhe attended him with a light, he found himſelf, without much force or much labour, in the matted gallery of the chapel.

Hardly allowing himſelf time to breathe, he haſtened to that part of it where over a baluſtrade the whole area of the chapel was viſible. He held the

candle

candle ſo as to caſt a light into it: but all beneath him was ſilent and dark. The rays fell on the altar, on which was a large ivory crucifix, and two immenſe wax candles in ſilver ſtands; but only theſe objects, and others of white marble which caught the light, were diſtinguiſhable, and no animated being ſeemed to lurk among the general obſcurity that enveloped the reſt. Edouarda would now have entreated him to retire, for that night at leaſt, from a ſearch which ſeemed to be fruitleſs; but his eagerneſs overcame even his tenderneſs and attention to her, and he ſaid that he could not be ſatisfied unleſs he deſcended into the body of the chapel, and even ſought for the entrance to the vault where the remains of his mother were ſaid to have been depoſited. "If you will ſtay here a moment," ſaid he, "my dear Edouarda, I will go down below. You know not—I wiſh you not at this moment to know, how many reaſons there are, which deter-

mine me to be convinced once for all whether the ambiguous converſation I have heard is meant to deceive me, or to point out to me my duty."—"Oh, no, Henry," returned Edouarda, "I cannot, indeed I cannot, remain here alone. My terrors, whether well or ill-founded, are ſtill terrors; my fears, which are more inſupportable becauſe they are undefined, would, I am convinced, ſo far get the better of me, that I might loſe all conſciouſneſs, all recollection, and you would perhaps find me ſenſeleſs at your return. Henry! dear Henry! let me go with you. I will not be troubleſome; for, while I am under your immediate protection, I can conquer my apprehenſions. Let me go with you!"

Henry aſſented to this reaſonable requeſt; beſeeching her, however, to compoſe herſelf, as ſlowly they traverſed the gallery to find the ſtairs which led from it to the chapel below. They made almoſt the half circuit towards the

organ, and paſſed two doors that opened into the gallery, before they reached theſe ſtairs. Edouarda's heart beat quick as they ſoftly ſtepped by. She liſtened for the ſounds which from that quarter had formerly terrified her. All was now ſilent; but Edouarda believing Sir Mordaunt's apartments opened ſomewhere into this paſſage, trembled and faultered as ſhe paſſed.

At length, by a narrow ſtairs matted like the avenue that led to them, Edouarda, leaning on her brother, yet ſhaking like an aſpen leaf, reached the ground-floor of the chapel. A few benches covered with black baize were all the furniture of its area. They approached the altar, and at Henry's deſire Edouarda pointed out the place where ſhe had ſeen the kneeling phantom. They gazed on it a moment in ſilence, and then Falconberg bade his ſiſter lead him the way it had diſappeared.

She obeyed as well as her recollection of the ſite of the chapel as ſeen from above, and the confuſion of her fear, would give her leave. They approached a kind of cloiſter, where was a marble baſon for holy water, and near it a ſmall tablet, on which, by holding the candle up to it, theſe words were diſtinguiſhed:

"Pray for the repoſe of the ſoul of Dame Elizabeth Maria (born De Courcy), wife of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg, Bart. who departed this life on the 29th day of November, 1776."

"And that was my mother," ſaid Falconberg; "and I have heard that ſhe died when I was born, or very ſoon afterwards. Yet, alas! how many years have paſſed ſince! And is it, can it be poſſible that—if—if—there were any grounds for ſuppoſing—"

"What, my dear Henry," inquired Edouarda in a faint whiſper, "what is it thus ſhakes you? You tremble—

even

even more than I do—Hiſt! Did you not hear a noiſe? Surely there was a door opened in the gallery above?"

"I heard nothing," ſaid he, after a momentary pauſe. "Perhaps it is the ivy blown by the wind againſt the windows. But be it what it may, Edouarda, wherefore ſhould we fear? Let the guilty tremble, we are innocent; let the oppreſſor recoil, we are the oppreſſed. Edouarda," continued he, preſſing the hand he held, "have you courage to go down with me into the vaults beneath this place? I have particular reaſons for wiſhing to examine the coffin-plate, on which I ſuppoſe the name of my mother is engraved."

"Gracious Heaven!" replied his ſiſter, "you will not ſurely attempt it?"

"Indeed I will," anſwered he.

"Not to-night, however, Henry; not to-night, I beſeech you. I will not ſhrink from any thing you expect of me another

another time; but now, a terror ſo extreme has overcome me, that it is impoſſible for me, indeed, to do what you wiſh: you will ſee me drop at your feet."

"Dear girl!" ſaid he tenderly: 'I will not diſtreſs you; but I have learned to reſolve and to execute; yet I will not now preſs it."

"Oh! do not now, another time I ſhall have more courage; and if you will tell me the reaſons that make you deſire to examine ſuch mournful—Ah! ſoftly—indeed I again heard a noiſe like opening a door.—Suppoſe my father—"

"Father! Mother!" ſaid Falconberg in a dejected way, "all are enveloped in the hideous ſhades of a fearful myſtery, which I am reſolved to penetrate, though my life be the forfeit! But come, my poor, timid Edouarda, you ſhall at preſent ſuffer no more. We will return to your apartment; and when you are more calm, I will alone explore theſe melan-

melancholy abodes of ſilence and death, where alone my doubts can be reſolved."

Edouarda trembled more and more as ſhe liſtened; but glad to have prevailed upon him to give up for the preſent his gloomy purpoſe, ſhe clung to her brother, as, with a firm ſtep, and apparently careleſs whether he was heard or not, he went up the ſtairs. When, however, they came to the turn of the matted gallery, which allowed a proſpect of its whole extent to the left, and the faint light of their candle gleamed along it, they both, and at the ſame moment, ſtopped, being ſtartled at a figure which, at the diſtance of fifty paces from them, leaned againſt the wall at the other extremity. Obſcure as it was, Edouarda immediately diſtinguiſhed it to be the ſame ſhe had ſeen before the altar. Her knees failed her; ſhe rather hung on her brother's arm than ſupported herſelf; as he, divided between his tenderneſs

derneſs for her and his reſolution to inveſtigate the fearful myſtery, haſtened forward, ſupporting her with one arm, while his eyes were riveted on the ſhape he was approaching, which ſeemed unable to move from the place where it was firſt obſerved.

In a ſecond they were both before it—Edouarda proſtrate on the ground, and almoſt inſenſible, while Henry had already taken the hand of the doubtful being. It was cold, but it was a living hand; nor was it withdrawn from his eager graſp, while he repeated "Lady Falconberg!—Is it not Lady Falconberg?"

A wild, faltering, and incoherent anſwer, expreſſed with difficulty, was given however in the affirmative. "And you are my mother, my injured, perſecuted, calumniated mother!" cried Henry, eagerly embracing the knees of the apparent phantom. "You are the mother of Edouarda!—Oh! look upon your

your children; ſpeak to your ſon, who comes demanding juſtice, who will reſcue you from oppreſſion, and reſtore you to life, and to ſociety!"

Lady Falconberg was now become in her turn unable to ſpeak; and ſhe would have fallen, had not her ſon ſupported her on one ſide, while he called upon Edouarda to aſſiſt him. "What," ſaid he, "ſhall we do? There is no place where ſhe can repoſe. Perhaps we only come to ſee her die; and her ſon, inſtead of being her deliverer, may be her murderer."

Edouarda ſeeing her mother continue in a ſtate where only convulſive motions teſtified ſhe yet exiſted, looked fearfully around her. Nor were the apprehenſions ſhe was at that moment conſcious of unmingled with dread of her father, whom ſhe figured to herſelf in all the terror ſhe had heard him deſcribed in, burſting from one of the adjoining doors. She perceived however a door open not far from the place where they ſtood; there

was

was a light within the room, and ſuddenly ſhe recollected that it was from thence the ſighs and moanings had proceeded which terrified her ſo much in her firſt expedition. It was probably therefore her mother's room, and there ſhe might be carried to a bed. This expectation, while ſhe communicated it to her brother, gave courage to Edouarda; and leaving to him the care of ſupporting Lady Falconberg, ſhe ſtepped forward, and approached the door. It opened into a cell rather than a chamber; only a ſort of wooden bench and a table were in it; but an oppoſite door belonged to a ſecond cell, in which there was a ſmall bedſtead with a mattreſs, exactly ſuch as are uſed by rigid orders of nuns. Edouarda was convinced that it was her mother's apartment, and, returning, aſſiſted her brother to bear to it the unreſiſting form of that unhappy woman; who, being placed on her bed, (while her ſon hung in extreme agitation

agitation over her, and her daughter, chafed her hands and her temples,) at length opened her eyes, yet ſeemed with extreme difficulty, while ſhe gazed on one and on the other, to comprehend what Henry ſaid to her; then, as as if doubting her ſenſes, ſhe held her hand to her eyes and her forehead, apparently trying to aſſemble and diſtinguiſh her ideas; again looked at her children; murmured ſomething of Sir Mordaunt and of Golgota; trembled, and looked fearfully towards the door. Henry kneeling by her tried to reaſſure and quiet her. "We are at length together, my dear mother!" ſaid he "and nothing ſhall again part us." Lady Falconberg gazed tenderly at him, ſhook her head, and ſighed. "Nay," added he eagerly, "no power on earth ſhall force me to leave you; and if they deſtroy us, it ſhall be together."

"Father Golgota!" ſaid Lady Falconberg

berg in a faint and internal voice. "Let us ſet him at defiance," cried Henry, "him and his accurſed crew!" The poor woman had been too long ſubjected to his power, and prejudiced by his artifice, not to feel a ſort of complicated ſentiment of religious dread mingled with fears, for her ſon, her daughter, and herſelf. The ſenſations which preſſed upon her heart were too much for a conſtitution long enfeebled by fear and confinement, and for intellects which, cramped by prejudice and depreſſed by ſuperſtition, had hardly dared to tell her there was any poſſible eſcape from the tyranny ſhe had almoſt from her infancy been ſubjected to. Lady Falconberg appeared therefore bewildered and aſtoniſhed, not only at the ſight of her children, whom ſhe had never expected to ſee again, but at the energy and animation with which her ſon exhorted her to put herſelf wholly into his protection, and throw off the cruel and

ignomi-

ignominious yoke, that the mental derangement of Sir Mordaunt and the uſurped power of the prieſts had ſubjected her to. The influence of theſe men had ſo interwoven itſelf into all her ideas, that to renounce her dependance on the bleſſed Lady and St. Ann ſeemed to her not more impoſſible. There was not, however, much time at preſent to attempt relieving her by the voice of filial tenderneſs or direct reaſon, from all the chains which fettered her; for, on the chapel clock tolling one, which echoed ſullenly along the gallery, Lady Falconberg expreſſed the greateſt uneaſineſs; and though ſhe ſeemed unwilling, or was perhaps unable, to diſcloſe the immediate cauſe of her fears, they evidently oppreſſed her ſo much, that her children thought they ought immediately to relieve her. Edouarda, therefore, having done every thing for her comfort that the nature of her ſituation would admit, and Henry having exhorted

horted her to courage, to ſecrecy, and to reſolution, ſhe was perſuaded to name a time for ſeeing them the next evening, and then they unwillingly and fearfully returned to Edouarda's room; where Rachael, half ſtupefied by the various apprehenſions that this long ſtay and her own ſituation had occaſioned, gazed at them with aſtoniſhment as great as if ſhe had ſeen them riſe diſembodied from the tombs which ſhe imagined (from an expreſſion young Falconberg had let fall,) they had been viſiting. Henry was now aware of the neceſſity of making his retreat, if he hoped to be admitted again; and though he moſt ardently deſired to have a longer conference with Edouarda, yet he checked himſelf, leſt he ſhould offend his conductreſs Rachael, on whom alone he could rely for admittance again. After a ſhort converſation therefore in Italian with Edouarda, in which he conjured her to have ſpirit and reſolution, and bade her recollect the

additional

additional motive they had this evening diſcovered to exert themſelves, he reluctantly took leave; Edouarda ſtill more reluctantly ſeeing him depart. She knew not whither he went, nor any thing more than that he was far from a place of ſhelter, in a cold and windy night; while her heart and head, full of the ſtrange and affecting circumſtance that had occurred, ſhe was afraid to think ſteadily of what ſhe had ſeen. Henry Falconberg, who was one year younger than Edouarda, had been brought up under every poſſible diſadvantage. Nurſed in the meagre arms of poverty, as a peaſant of the Milaneſe, his early years had been paſſed almoſt in the condition of a ſavage; but it is not always that ſuch a ſtate brutalizes the mind; and the mind of young Falconberg was an uncommon one. Amidſt the mulberry avenues and cheſnut-groves of his adopted country, the heart of the Engliſh boy had often been dilated by the magnificent

magnificent ſpectacle of nature. His ears were accuſtomed to ſounds of the pureſt harmony; his eyes, to ſcenes of unrivalled beauty. At nine years old he was no contemptible improviſatore, and could repeat with facility and grace all the moſt celebrated paſſages of Taſſo and Arioſto; from whence the people of Italy, accuſtomed to hear them from their infancy, acquire that facility of poetical termination, which appears ſo wonderful to the more phlegmatic and matter-of-fact natives of the north. Young Falconberg, however, was favoured by nature with talents of greater importance. He had that innate ſenſe of moral rectitude, poſſeſſed, perhaps excluſively, by thoſe great minds which Heaven ſometimes ſends to direct and dignify the affairs of the world. Never, amidſt the childiſh contentions which occurred between him and his reputed brothers, was Enrico known to ſubmit to injuſtice from the ſtronger without

without manly reſiſtance, or to compel ſubmiſſion from the inferior by menaces or blows. Enrico was ſo well known ſcrupulouſly to adhere to truth, that his ſuppoſed parents always had recourſe to his teſtimony, as that on which they could depend. And when he was under the hard neceſſity of becoming a domeſtic in the convent of Dominicans, nothing diſturbed him ſo much as being compelled to acquieſce in what his ſtrong natural underſtanding told him, it was impoſſible could be true. Almoſt every thing he heard, and was obliged to aſſent to, was in direct contradiction to the evidence of his ſenſes; and the weight of the fetters impoſed upon him was doubled when he ſaw the inventors of thoſe chains for others indulging in voluptuous gratifications, contrary to the vows they had taken themſelves and ſo rigorouſly enforced in regard to others.

With an active though athletic frame, great personal courage, and that consciousness of acting right which alone gives consistency and value to character, Henry Falconberg seemed designed by Heaven for all that is good and great. In the eyes of a sister, to whom he was a first and only object of affection, he appeared something more than human. She sometimes flattered herself that he was to restore her mother to life and happiness; to relumine the obscured and almost extinguished honours of his family; perhaps heal the distracted mind of his father, and restore him to liberty and reason. Then the strange mystery that hung over the destiny of Lady Falconberg, the power possessed by the priests, and the arts she knew them to be capable of; her father's malady, and the gloomy, fierce, and irascible temper which she had heard imputed to him even before that misfortune befel him,

were

were circumſtances which her imagination combined and multiplied, till they ſeemed to form an inſuperable barrier to all her hopes, and ſhe wiſhed to eſcape with her brother to ſome obſcure retirement, rather than brave ſuch difficulties. But then the image of her newly found mother, abandoned again to ſolitude and tears, or, what was worſe, to the tyranny of the Monks and the caprices of a lunatic, made her forget every thing that related to herſelf, and anxiouſly return to thoſe ſanguine hopes and expectations which the manly and affectionate character of Henry had raiſed.

After a ſleepleſs and anixous night, a dark and tempeſtuous morning was hailed by the fatigued and haraſſed Edouarda with more ſolicitude than ſhe had ever felt at the break of day before. Yet, as the ſtorm increaſed, and the rain was driven with extreme violence againſt the old caſements, menacing to ſhake them from their moſs-grown

frames, Edouarda thought of her brother waiting in his clay cottage on the wold for the approach of evening, when perhaps he might be under the neceſſity of facing the tempeſt to reach the houſe of his father, where, clandeſtinely received, peril only awaited him.

Though many hours muſt neceſſarily intervene before he was likely to approach, Edouarda could not help frequently watching at the window, as if there was an immediate opportunity of ſeeing him. In one of theſe obſervations, when the violence of the wind had torn away a great part of the roof from the building oppoſite, Edouarda, looking over the low cloiſter into the park, ſaw an horſeman, in figure not unlike her brother, paſs at ſome diſtance. His hat was flapped quite down, as if to keep it from being carried away by the wind, and a dark ſurtout was wrapped round him. He appeared uncertain where to find an entrance that led to the offices,

offices, and rode twice or thrice backwards and forwards between the trees; while his horſe, hardly able to keep his feet againſt the fury of the guſt, was ſometimes evidently unwilling to proceed, and at others hurried in that direction by which he could beſt eſcape the wind. At length both the horſe and his rider diſappeared, and left Edouarda full of conjectures, and of apprehenſions which ſhe had no means of appeaſing. Theſe uneaſy ſenſations, pointing continually towards the ſafety of her brother, were extremely increaſed, when Rachael, who came to bring her dinner, informed her that ſomething had happened, ſhe knew not what, which had more than ever agitated the troubled temper of Sir Mordaunt, who, as ſhe accidentally learned from Mrs. Gournay, had been ſeized in conſequence with one of his moſt paſſionate fits of raving and violence.

Edouarda inquired eagerly the particulars, when Rachael ſaid, "Oh! Miſs, all as I ever learns is by odds and ends, as 'twere. Mrs. Gournay was in a ſad quondary juſt now, as ſhe came out from Sir Mordaunt's room, and ſaid ſhe was ſurpriſed how Father Galezza could think of ſtaying paſt his time, as if nothing was the matter. Why, lauk, Mrs. Gournay, ſays I, what *is* the matter? So, ſays ſhe, Matter enough, though I ſha'n't ſatisfy nobody's *curoſity*, ſays ſhe; but, ſays ſhe, Father Galezza nor nobody elſe can expect of me or Mr. Camus either, to go on in this here kind of a way. Let us be paid ever ſo well, that is no reaſon why we ſhould be ever now and then in danger of our lives."

"My poor unhappy father!" ſighed Edouarda, "ſurely under ſuch an affliction it is to your own family only that you ought to be entruſted. Is no perſon employed," added ſhe, addreſſing herſelf

herſelf to Rachael, "is no proper man engaged to be conſtantly with my father?"

"There's only a ſtranger now," ſaid Rachael, "when neither of our gentlemen is in the way."---"Whom do you mean," aſked Edouarda, "by the gentlemen?"—"Why, the reverend fathers, Golgota and Galezza. They never uſed to leave Sir Mordaunt ſo much to himſelf as they have done of late. But Mrs. Gournay has ſent for them; and I ſuppoſe one or t'other of them will be here to-night."—"And perhaps," ſaid Edouarda, "exactly at a time when they may diſcover or intercept my brother."

Rachael, to whom her original dread of the power of the prieſts frequently returned, promiſed however more than her former caution, and young Falconberg was introduced to his watchful timid ſiſter, without any appearance of his having hazarded, more than on the

preceding evening, the detection ſhe dreaded.

As ſoon as Rachael left them, Edouarda began to relate to her brother what ſhe had heard of Sir Mordaunt's increaſed irritability. "And why," ſaid ſhe, "deareſt Henry! why would you riſk what you did to-day?—Oh! you know not the terror you occaſioned me." Young Falconberg deſired her to explain herſelf. "You were for a conſiderable time on horſeback in the park, within ſight of all the weſt windows of the houſe."—"Dear Edouarda!" replied Falconberg, "you are certainly miſtaken; I have not even on foot left my concealment in the cottage till the duſk of the evening."—"Then," replied ſhe, "it muſt have been ſome traveller; a ſight ſo unuſual at any time near this houſe, and ſo particularly ſtrange amid ſuch a tempeſt as has raged to-day, that it might well excite my wonder,

wonder, though perhaps it ought not to have occaſioned my fear." Falconberg anſwered, that it was probably ſome perſon croſſing the country who had miſſed his way, and, having from the high grounds diſtinguiſhed the houſe, had approached it to ſolicit ſhelter againſt the ſtorm, but was afterwards deterred by the gloomy and inhoſpitable appearance of the building.

With this ſolution, which was very likely to be the true one, they diſmiſſed the inquiry from their minds, and, with every precaution which former experience had directed, glided through the rooms to the gallery where their mother expected them.

They found Lady Falconberg much calmer than from the ſtate they left her in the preceding evening they had dared to hope. She looked at them, however, alternately with aſtoniſhment and tenderneſs; and while her heart bore teſtimony to the reality of her children's

preſence. ſhe appeared unable to comprehend how they had been brought thither, and to gaze upon them with as much wonder as if ſhe knew they had ariſen from the grave.

Her ſon perceived what paſſed in her thoughts; he wiſhed to familiariſe her by degrees with images which muſt be of too painful a nature to preſent ſuddenly to her mind. He ſpoke to her therefore with the moſt ſoothing affection, and endeavoured to accuſtom her to trace the events which had preceded her preſent ſituation; becauſe he was ſenſible, that ſhe would then be able to relate to him all thoſe circumſtances on which her fate, his own, and that of Edouarda had depended.

But it was not till after three conferences that Lady Falconberg could ſo far conquer the timidity with which violence and ſuperſtition had united to palſy her mind, as to be able to comply with the requeſt of her children. She then, having

ing firſt taken many precautions, the exact meaning of which they did not underſtand, agreed to venture into the room now inhabited by Edouarda. The ſeveral doors, however, which led from thence to her own apartment in the gallery, ſhe deſired might remain open. Henry Falconberg and his ſiſter, not doubting but ſhe had very ſufficient reaſons for what ſhe deſired, agreed to it implicitly; and though, when ſhe firſt entered the rooms where ſhe had not been for many years, ſome painful recollections appeared to conquer the little fortitude ſhe had been able to collect, yet the tender ſoothing voice of her reſtored children, their affectionate endeavours now united for her comfort, awakened in her heart that hope which long ſeemed to have been faded and withered for ever; and with one of theſe beloved objects, who gave new value to her exiſtence, on either ſide of

her, ſhe at length collected voice and ſpirits to enter on the following narrative:

"Nearly as we are connected with each other, you do not perhaps, my children, even know the maiden name of your mother. I muſt go a little back, to give you an idea of the family to which I belonged, and the cauſes that combined to make me the wife of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg.

"Their names are now perhaps obliterated from the recollection of their country, Ireland, where my anceſtors, adhering to the cauſe of James the Second, loſt all their property, except a few perſonals, which ſerved to ſupport them in France; there, like the few who yet ſurvive, I ſhould have been naturalized, but that a ſiſter of my father, who was married to an Engliſhman of high rank, took me with her to England at four years old, and conſidered me as her child. But on the death of her huſ-

band, who left her a widow at eight-and-twenty, her former mode of life, and the opulence ſhe could on a conſiderable jointure enjoy in Italy, combined to induce her to reſide altogether in that country; where, among other Engliſhmen who viſited her, ſhe became acquainted with Sir Mordaunt Falconberg.

"What were the habits and character of his mind I had no opportunity of judging. He was ſo many years older than I was, that his having any intention of making me his wife never even occurred to me; when my aunt took me from the convent where I uſually reſided, and informed me that I was on the following week to be married to Sir Mordaunt. She gave me no time to anſwer her; but enumerating the advantages of ſuch an alliance, and ſetting on the other ſide the deſtitute condition in which I ſhould be left in caſe of her death, ſhe bade me receive Sir Mordaunt with the attention and gratitude

his

his generous preference deſerved. I was thunderſtruck by an order ſo unexpected. I wept bitterly; but I was wholly dependant on Lady M——. I had not in the world any other friend; and I had never had a will of my own, or ventured to imagine it was poſſible that I could have one.

"I was married then to Sir Mordaunt, being then hardly ſixteen, and having never ſeen more of the world than what appeared at the converſations of Lady M———, at which I had ſometimes been allowed to be preſent. My confeſſor, who had the ſole guidance of my mind, was aſſiduous in impreſſing it with a ſenſe of my own happineſs, in being married to ſo good and ſo rich a man as Sir Mordaunt. I endeavoured to believe I was happy, and after the birth of your brother I really thought myſelf ſo. The gloomy temper of Sir Mordaunt ſeemed cheered, and the aſperities of his nature ſoftened, by the

the ſight of his ſon; and when it was neceſſary, on account of the large property he poſſeſſed in England, that he ſhould return thither, I felt not the repugnance which but for that dear infant I ſhould certainly have experienced in leaving my aunt, almoſt the only friend I had ever known, the few perſons I had been accuſtomed to ſee, and Italy, which was to me a native country. Great pains, however, were taken to prevail upon me to ſtifle every ſymptom of diſcontent; and I was ſoothed with repreſentations of the power and conſequence I ſhould enjoy in England, and ſtill oftener was bid to conſider how much my alliance with a man of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg's fortune would ſupport the religion of my anceſtors, depreſſed and languiſhing as it was in that country. When, however, our ſuite was to be formed, Sir Mordaunt objected to much of the expence and parade propoſed by my aunt; and

our

our Italian attendants were limited to a confeſſor named Boccapatelino, and a young man whom he called his nephew, and who was, I have ſince been informed, deſcended from a Roman family that derives its origin from the moſt celebrated heroes of the ancient republic. He had ſtudied the ſcience of painting at Rome and Florence, and was no unſucceſsful pupil of the firſt maſters. His ſkill in muſic and in architecture was hardly inferior; and to a very fine perſon he added manners uncommonly captivating. Yes, my children, I can do juſtice to the extraordinary qualifications of this young gentleman, becauſe my heart never felt in regard to him any ſentiment at which I need bluſh—though we have all been victims of the ſtrange fatality, which induced Sir Mordaunt to conſent that with Boccapatelino he ſhould accompany us to England.

"It was not ſurpriſing, that during a voyage reluctantly taken in the gloom

of

of autumn, and to a country quite new to me, I ſhould find a reſource againſt the variable but never cheerful or pleaſant temper of Sir Mordaunt, in the ſociety of the two Italians. Boccapatelino had gained ſo great an aſcendancy over him, that it was rather himſelf than Sir Mordaunt who directed every thing: yet Sir Mordaunt often teaſed me with ſudden fits of ill-humour, when I could not gueſs what had excited it. I was not unfrequently terrified by ſeeing him ſink into ſuch black and morbid melancholy, as muſt be witneſſed to be deſcribed, while all the endeavours of Boccapatelino were addreſſed to prevent my ſuffering from it; and Bireno Salviati, by the moſt friendly attention to Sir Mordaunt, and by trying every poſſible means to amuſe him, often ſaved me from ſcenes of cauſeleſs ill-humour, which it was indeed difficult enough for me to bear, even before we reached this melancholy manſion.

"Here

"Here we found a ſupernnuated Carthuſian Monk, an Iriſhman by birth, who had been prieſt and confeſſor to the Falconberg family in the life-time of Sir Mordaunt's father, and who had managed all his concerns during his long abſence. Father O'Halloran was not yet old enough to be willing to relinquiſh power he had ſo long poſſeſſed. He ſaw the new comers with great diſſatisfaction; but Boccapatelino was ſo able in the art of turning every occurrence to his own advantage, and knew ſo well the avenues to Sir Mordaunt's heart, that O'Halloran was compelled at firſt to yield to his aſcendancy. But if the Italian prieſt himſelf was an object hateful to this ancient inhabitant of Palſgrave, his reputed nephew was much more ſo. Yet Salviati was not always a reſident with us; he frequently made excurſions to London for the cultivation of the art he profeſſed, and often was invited to the houſes of noblemen who had collections

tions of pictures, or who delighted in the art he ſtudied. Can it, my children, be a matter of wonder, that when this young man returned, his preſence ſeemed for a while to illuminate the gloomy ſolitude in which I was condemned to linger out my days? He had been in that world which I was not permitted to enter; he had converſed with beings who knew how to enjoy and how to enliven exiſtence; and he ſeemed to take a pleaſure in beguiling thoſe tedious hours of ſolitude and ſecluſion which neither friendſhip nor love on the part of Sir Mordaunt enabled me to ſupport. I ſaw not, however, any thing in the manner of my huſband that could make me think this a dangerous indulgence, till a little while after your birth, my dear Edouarda. I had been long ill; was weak in mind as well as body: Sir Mordaunt was almoſt perpetually fluctuating between ſtarts of unaccountable paſſion and a ſullen and

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gloomy

gloomy reſerve, even more horrible than thoſe paroxyſms. Boccapatelino himſelf appeared to have leſs influence over him, and O'Halloran to have acquired what the other had loſt.

"One day when the return of Salviati, who had been long abſent, was ſuddenly announced to me as I was ſitting with Sir Mordaunt, there was perhaps too much pleaſure mingled with my ſurpriſe; and it is poſſible that Salviati, who had certainly an affection for me, though I thought it only ſuch as he might have felt for a relation, ſhewed in his countenance and manner his concern at finding me ſo ill as I undoubtedly appeared to be. Whatever was the cauſe, I then firſt obſerved, and obſerved with inconceivable alarm, that Sir Mordaunt was jealous; for he remarked to me, with an expreſſion on his features I ſhall never forget, that all my complaints ſeemed to diſappear before the faſcinating powers of amuſement poſſeſſed by Signor Salviati.

viati. I had no courage to anſwer, for the accuſation was indeed true; though ſurely it was at an immeaſurable diſtance from guilt. From that time, however, every circumſtance added to his ſuſpicions. He appeared to feed with ſtrange avidity on the gall he thus laid up for himſelf. Boccapatelino either was recalled to Italy, or pretended to be ſo, to have an excuſe for quitting a poſt which probably in no way had anſwered his expectations. Salviati was at the ſame time to take of us an eternal adieu. I will not ſay that I did not think of the period with regret: it certainly was very painful to me: my ſpirits were very low; I found myſelf likely to become a third time a mother, by a man whoſe harſhneſs of temper grew every day more intolerable; and now I was to loſe the little alleviation I yet had, in the ſociety of two men to whom I had long been accuſtomed, and to one of whom I could relate my ſorrows; while the friendſhip

and

and brotherly tenderneſs of the other had formed my only conſolation. My preſent ſtate was unknown to Sir Mordaunt: I had an invincible repugnance to name it to him. The Italians departed; and Sir Mordaunt took that opportunity of going alſo as far as London, where he had ſome affairs to ſettle that had long demanded his preſence, but which he had delayed, as I now found, becauſe he could not determine to leave the houſe while Salviati was in it. I was conſigned to the care of O'Halloran, who could not conceal his joy at the diſappearance of the Italians; and I perceived that he beheld with malicious pleaſure my ineffectual attempts to appear unconcerned, and ſeemed to watch me with an attention which had in it more of malignity than kindneſs.

"My feeble ſpirits ſunk, between the drearineſs of my ſituation and the oppreſſive vigilance of this man. Yet ſolitude, however mournful, was infinitely prefer-

preferable to his company, which I certainly took every means in my power to avoid by complaining of illneſs; and indeed I was in doing ſo but little of an hypocrite.

"But my endeavours to eſcape his obſervation only irritated his deſire to act as a ſpy upon whatever I did; and my ill fate precipitated me into a ruin as little foreſeen as it was deſerved.

"The evenings were long, dark, and cold. I had, however, accuſtomed myſelf to walk late when there was no rain, under pretence that I breathed better in the air. My real reaſon was, that Father O'Halloran, who was very old and infirm, always moleſted me leſs without than within the houſe. He was very much diſcontented at this arrangement, and, as the winter advanced, remonſtrated againſt theſe evening walks in a tone which all my habitual ſubmiſſion did not enable me to liſten to, without a retort ſuch as the Father had never received

ceived from me. This inflamed all his angry and malignant paſſions; and he produced an order, which he had hitherto kept concealed, by which Sir Mordaunt authoriſed him to direct and reſtrain every perſon in the houſe, 'without excepting Lady Falconberg.' Such were the commands of Sir Mordaunt, and to ſuch I was compelled to ſubmit.

"But I had ſtill a reſource in a gallery where probably you have never been. It runs along the whole exterior of the houſe from eaſt to weſt; and when the remoteſt end of the building, now long deſerted, was inhabited, it ſerved as a communication between the two extremities. There were in it ſeveral pictures, valuable only for their antiquity, and many of them entirely defaced. But Salviati, during his occaſional reſidence in the houſe, had made ſketches of ſome of them which illuſtrated particular circumſtances of hiſtory; and though I had often laughed at the abſurd and groteſque

groteſque figures of which he took ſo much pains to preſerve the memory, yet which were certainly extremely unlike the Grecian models he had ſtudied in his native country; he had always aſſured me that certain antiquaries in London, whoſe names I have forgotten, had paid him liberally for thoſe he had already done, and wiſhed to have all that could yet be made out, if his time had allowed, and Sir Mordaunt would have permitted it.

"To this gallery, where I knew it was too cold for O'Halloran to accompany me in my evening walk, I now reſorted: my maid, who was much attached to me, was not ſorry to have the few cheerful moments ſhe could enjoy in the ſervants' hall prolonged; and when I had diſmiſſed her to her dinner, I began my melancholy evening contemplations alone.

"At this ſeaſon the day ſoon declined, and I frequently made ſeveral turns in

this old gloomy room, when very little light was diſcernible. I entered it one vening later than uſual, and never had my ſpirits been more depreſſed. There was a moon, but her rays were often intercepted by the heavy clouds of a ſtormy ſky driven over her by the wind; the weather and the place were well fitted to the deſponding ſtate of my mind. It was a night when the dead might be ſuppoſed to be abroad. I was wretched; I thought my two children would perhaps be at ſome time or other as miſerable as I was then. Sir Mordaunt's unhappy diſpoſition never appeared to me more entirely deſtructive of the happineſs of all who belonged to him, and I wiſhed that I and my two infants were all at peace in the ſame grave.

"Loſt in ſuch overwhelming thoughts, I had traverſed nearly the length of the gallery, when ſomething ſeemed to ſtir near me; and by the light of the moon, which at that moment ſtreamed through an

an oppoſite window, I ſaw the figure of a man on his knees. It ſeemed to be Salviati; I ſtarted and half ſhrieked; he advanced and took my hand, conjuring me not to be alarmed—It was Salviati himſelf!

"I have no clear recollection of what I ſaid to him; I only know that he earneſtly implored me to compoſe myſelf and hear him; and then entreated me to believe, that whatever might be his ſentiments in regard to me, nothing in the world ſhould have induced him to violate by thus intruding upon me the reſpect he owed me, but the conviction of my unhappineſs, and his dread of what the perſons into whoſe hands I had fallen might deſign againſt me. 'I am going to Italy, deareſt Lady Falconberg,' ſaid he; 'I am going to bid an everlaſting farewell to England. Let me have the conſolation of believing I can be ſerviceable to you, I ſhall then reſolutely endure whatever I may myſelf

ſuffer: allow me to relate to your Italian friends the harſhneſs with which you are treated. Surely they might do ſomething to ameliorate a deſtiny ſo cruel and ſo little merited.'

" I endeavoured to reply by conjuring Salviati to leave me to my fate; when O'Halloran, with lights and two or three of the ſervants, appeared at the door of the gallery, which was violently forced open. All was ſo dreadful yet ſo inſtantaneous, that I only remember the countenance of the Monk, and that Salviati caught me as I was falling. Total oblivion then enwrapt my ſenſes. Oh! would it had laſted for ever! When I returned to the miſeries of recollection, I found myſelf on my bed, Ellen my maid weeping by me, and exclaiming that I was dead. I raiſed myſelf, and, eagerly taking her hands, implored her to tell me what had happened. The poor girl replied, that Mr. Salviati had forced himſelf away from the perſons who

who had attempted to make him a priſoner, and was gone; but that Father O'Halloran had ſent off an expreſs to London to Sir Mordaunt, and that the whole houſe was in great conſternation. Innocent as I was, and void of all intentional offence, I felt as if I had been guilty of a crime which would involve the unfortunate Salviati in my ruin. I tried to acquire courage to ſpeak to O'Halloran; it was poſſible he might hear and believe me: but he refuſed to attend my ſummons, and ſent me an harſh meſſage, that what I had denied or withheld in confeſſion, of the conſequence of which he had often warned me, it was now too late to communicate. Oh, my children! how ſhall I deſcribe the miſery in which I paſſed the time between that night of alarm and the expected arrival of Sir Mordaunt—Sir Mordaunt, whom, even in his calmeſt moments, I could never prevail upon myſelf to conſider without ſuch a de-

of fear as was quite incompatible with confidence and love! A thouſand times during this dreadful interval I wiſhed to die; my conſcience accuſed me of no crime; and even if I had been ſenſible of a greater degree of regard for Salviati than I really felt, that would have been rather a misfortune to myſelf than an injury to others; ſince it had led to no violation of my duty towards Sir Mordaunt, and it was not my fault, that at an early age, and merely to gratify my family, I had been made over as the abſolute property of a man whom it was impoſſible for me to love or eſteem.

"These reflections were far, however, from appeaſing the terrors that oppreſſed me; and in you, my Edouarda, and your elder brother, in your innocent careſſes and infantine vivacity, I was not permitted to ſeek for even a tranſient alleviation of my ſorrows; for Father O'Halloran would not ſuffer me to ſee you. I wept, implore,

implored, and remonſtrated in vain; the ſervants dared not diſobey him, and I was a priſoner reſtricted from even the ſight of my own children.

"Alas! the meaſure of my miſery was yet to be filled. Never ſhall I forget the deadly fear which ſeized me, when I heard the ſound of thoſe wheels enter the court-yard, which I knew brought my uninjured but inexorable huſband! My poor maid, unable to ſpeak comfort, ſtood trembling by me, wiping the cold dew from my face, and applying ſalts, which were inſufficient to keep me from fainting; after a dreadful hour of ſuſpenſe, I heard Sir Mordaunt's voice, Sir Mordaunt's ſtep on the ſtairs. The door opened, and I ſunk wholly inſenſible into the arms of my woman; but the appearance of death itſelf did not ſoften my inhuman perſecutors, and I was carried in that ſtate into a kind of cemetery beyond the chapel, not indeed under ground, but a damp ſepulchral

vaulted room; and Sir Mordaunt declared to my weeping ſervant, that there I ſhould finiſh my guilty and miſerable life. I opened my eyes as he pronounced in a voice of thunder this barbarous ſentence; but the horrible countenance I ſaw made me again cloſe them—oh! how ardently did I hope for ever! But that would have been too mild a fate for me.

"I again revived, awakened from this trance by the ſhrieks of my maid, whom they endeavoured to force away; and recovering ſuddenly ſome degree of courage, I beſought Sir Mordaunt to conſider what he was about; proteſted my innocence; menaced him with the reſentment of my friends; and, to excite his compaſſion, declared that I was three months advanced in my third pregnancy. Ah! how ſadly I miſtook the man on whoſe mercy I depended, whoſe pity I tried to excite! He knew I had no friends, who, if they could, would protect me from his violence; he affected

to

to conſider my condition as a new and undoubted proof of my guilt; and with a malignant grin, at the recollection of which my blood even now runs cold, daſhed me from him, uttering at the ſame time a ſentence too groſs to be repeated, and, furiouſly ſeizing my faithful Ellen by the arm, dragged her half inſenſible away, while the door was cloſed by the united force of Sir Mordaunt and the people who attended him, regardleſs of the riſk they ran of cruſhing my hands as I endeavoured ſtill to cling to Ellen, the only perſon who ſeemed to pity me; and at length quite exhauſted, I ſunk back on the damp floor of my dungeon. The iron-nailed door was cloſed upon me, as I thought for ever, and terror once more gave me a tranſient reſpite from the ſenſe of miſery.

But even with the relief of forgetfulneſs I was not long indulged. Again my eyes opened; again my ſenſes were alive to the wretched conſciouſneſs of

exiſtence. I looked wildly around me. A lamp was burning on a ſtone-table, above which hung a crucifix; and near the lamp was an human ſkull, which I fancied had recently been reduced to fleſhleſs ſtate. A pitcher of water, a piece of bread, a mattreſs on the floor with two or three blankets ſpread upon it, compriſed all the reſt of the furniture of this hideous abode, where I now believed it certain that I ſhould end my unfortunate life; and I know not whether in that dreadful moment the idea of being releaſed for ever from the ſight of Sir Mordaunt, did not appear to make me amends for a lingering and ſolitary death, brought on by the acute ſufferings of famine. Such was my abhorrence of his injuſtice and cruelty, that I am ſure I ſhould at that inſtant have met death with joy, if life, expoſed even to the diſguſt of ſeeing him, had been the only alternative.

"But my puniſhment for an imputed

crime was not ſo ſoon to end; yet aſſuredly it was innocence alone that prevented my ſinking under ſuch a weight of miſery. I had not deſerved the cruelty thus inflicted upon me: I dared appeal to that Heaven, whoſe ſun, whoſe ſtars I thought I ſhould never more behold, to witneſs, that though I never had loved Sir Mordaunt I had never wronged him. My life, ever ſince I had become his property, had not been happy enough to make me deſirous that it ſhould be prolonged; yet towards you, my children, though my cruel perſecutor was your father, my heart melted with tenderneſs; and I even felt affection for the unfortunate infant which was, I believed, doomed to periſh unborn with its deſolate and moſt unhappy mother!

"Such reflections brought tears to my relief; and exceſſive fatigue and agitation, together perhaps with my per-

ſonal ſituation, counteracted all the terrors which ſurrounded me; I ſlept wrapped in the blankets that had been left for me—and ſlept, as I believe, even till morning. But no ray of light entered my dungeon; no cheerful ſounds announcing the return of day were heard within it: the lamp ſeemed to be nearly expiring; its wavering rays now flaſhed faintly on the dreary walls, on the table and its melancholy furniture; and now ſeemed ſinking quite away, and likely to leave me in utter darkneſs. Then my feeble heart ſunk cold and hopeleſs within me. The fear of the dreadful death to which I was condemned hung heavily upon me; and ſuddenly occurred to me a ſtory I had been reading in an old French book *, which with ſome others yet lay about what had once been a library in the houſe, and I fancied the ſkull I ſaw

* Queen of Navarre's Tales.

was

was that of the unfortunate Salviati, and that he had fallen a victim to the jealous fury of Sir Mordaunt.

"I became ſick as I recalled all the circumſtances of the ſtory to which I now believed my own was to be a counterpart; and ſinking on my bed I covered my eyes, and thought I could reſolve never to open them more.

"Oh! how did memory, ingenious in tormenting me, now carry me back to thoſe happy days that I had paſſed in Italy! Pardon me, natives of England, juſtly celebrated for many virtues—pardon me, if I now thought with abhorrence of your iſland and its inhabitants, and curſed in bitterneſs of heart the hour when, leaving my Italian home, I was ſold to one of your rich proprietors. But my regrets, my execrations, my proteſtations of innocence, were all in vain. Hours paſſed away; my lamp was totally extinguiſhed; I could no longer diſcern either the fearful object that had renewed

newed my terrors, or the proviſion that had been left me, which however I had no inclination to touch. I imagined it muſt be nearly night again, and that it was certain I was left to linger out my miſerable life in this cavern without farther notice or pity.

"At length, after many many long hours of dreadful ſuſpenſe, I thought I heard a noiſe without the door; yet dread of perceiving the countenance of Sir Mordaunt, diſtorted as it had been the preceding day with malignant revenge, gave me infinitely more apprehenſion than the expectation of relief afforded me ſatisfaction. As the eye, however is always inſtinctively turned towards what it fears, I gazed eagerly on the door, which I heard ſlowly unbarred and unlocked on the other ſide. I dared not breathe; I dared not ſteadily look on the perſon that entered. My fear of Sir Mordaunt, ſuch as I had ſeen him the preceding night, was greater than my dread of death; but it was not Sir Mor-

Mordaunt who entered, it was Father O'Halloran, and behind him appeared a woman. I hoped it might have been my faithful Ellen; but it was a ſtranger, of an harſh, meagre and unpleaſant countenance, whom I had never ſeen before.

The Father began to exhort me to confeſſion and repentance. I ſummoned my courage, (alas! it was but little I could at any time muſter,) and exhorted *him* to humanity and charity. Confeſſion, ſave ſuch as he had been in conſtant habits of hearing from me, I had none to make; and while he ſpoke to me of Salviati, I aſſured him with the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations that I knew not why he had returned to Palſgrave, and that never had he violated the reſpect he owed me as the wife of Sir Mordaunt Falconberg. My proteſtations were uſeleſs. The prieſt aſſured me, in a voice which ſounded as if deſtined to decree my death, that Sir Mordaunt would execute againſt us both the moſt exemplary vengeance,

geance, if I perſiſted in refuſing to avow the truth, and to own that the child I had acknowledged I went with, as well as my infant daughter, were the offspring of Salviati. The wickedneſs of this new charge almoſt overcame me. I repelled it, however, with the courage that Truth alone could have lent me. I declared to Father O'Halloran, that I was ready to die; but I would neither be terrified into accuſing unjuſtly an innocent perſon, or illegitimating, while I ſo ſhamefully belied my own honour, the children Sir Mordaunt was bound to protect. 'One,' ſaid I, weeping bitterly, (for tears now came to my relief,) 'one will probably never ſee the light, it will periſh with its unhappy mother! But what has my little Edouarda done? what crime has that ſweet innocent creature committed, that her father would throw her from his boſom to poverty, contempt, and infamy?'——To talk to prejudice, to remonſtrate with malignant prepoſ-

prepoſſeſſion, is very bootleſs. Father O'Halloran, far from believing me, affected to conſider the denial of my guilt as a conſiderable aggravation of it. He left the room more irritated againſt me than when he had entered it, and I found myſelf alone with the woman.

"She now tried other means: informed me, amidſt many hypocritical expreſſions, that nothing was ſo likely to appeaſe Sir Mordaunt as an avowal of my guilt; and that he was as much ſhocked at my wicked omiſſion at the confeſſional, as at the injury done to himſelf. She conjured me therefore to declare and repent my tranſgreſſions, as the only probable means of eſcaping the miſery I ſhould otherwiſe be condemned to. I anſwered, that where there was no crime, the acknowledging one would be itſelf the greateſt breach of morality and religion, and that I was prepared to meet every thing Sir Mordaunt might inflict, rather than criminate myſelf. I aſked who ſhe

was,

was, and to what was owing her interference: but she declined answering my inquiries; and having produced a few necessaries, and taken from without the door, where it had been left by some other person, food enough for the day, she left me, strengthened in my resolution to die where I was, rather than utter a falsehood derogatory to my own honour and to truth. The same scene passed every day for about a month between me and this woman, who was, I found, a relation of O'Halloran's. The Father himself was sometimes pleased to visit me; but he refused to hear my confession, under pretence than I sinned by reservation every time I made it. I know not what was this man's motive for his cruel persecution, since he had gained his point of expelling the Italian inmates of the house, and was now in possession of Sir Mordaunt's confidence, as well as of the direction of his conscience. How long I had remained in the dungeon to which

which I was thus confined, I know not exactly, for I had no means of computing time; but I have ſince found it was near three months, when to my ſurpriſe, my own maid entered the place one day inſtead of Mrs. O'Crai, and told me that Father O'Halloran was ſuddenly dead, and ſhe was ſure I might be releaſed from my cruel and unjuſt impriſonment, if I could ſee Sir Mordaunt before he fell again under the dominion of ſome perſon whoſe intereſt it was to keep him at enmity with me, and in ſubjection to himſelf. I inquired after Mrs. O'Crai, and heard that ſhe was buſied in ſecuring what it was believed O'Halloran had amaſſed, and ſeemed ſolicitous about nothing ſo much as being allowed to withdraw without inquiry or moleſtation. My faithful Ellen added, that ſhe had long ſince been diſmiſſed the houſe; but that a ſervant in my intereſt no ſooner knew of the ſudden death of O'Halloran, than he took the

the key of my prison-house, which he knew, because he had been often employed in carrying food to the door, and had hurried to Ellen with the means of my deliverance.

"Though my dread of Sir Mordaunt was such, that, had I had time to consider, I might have shrunk from the attempt, yet now the natural love of life and of liberty conquered my terrors; and unprepared as I was, and trembling with emotions that I yet shudder to recollect, I attempted to hasten to the apartment of Sir Mordaunt. But I was extremely weak; and when I reached the door of the room where I believed him to be, I was unable to open it. Ellen, as timid as I was on most occasions, now exerted some degree of courage; she threw the door open before me; I saw Sir Mordaunt; he seemed to look more stern, more ferocious than ever; but a sudden consciousness of innocence, and even of being myself the injured person, prevented

vented me from obeying the firſt impulſe of fear, and abjectly throwing myſelf at his feet as a criminal imploring pardon. Yet the ſenſe of my wrongs did not give me courage to ſpeak; I ſtood a moment breathleſs and almoſt inſenſible. Then feeling my head grow giddy, and that I was likely to fall, I ſtaggered by the help of Ellen to a ſeat. Sir Mordaunt, who ſeemed unable to expreſs by words any part of the various emotions which agitated his ſtormy boſom, approached me in a menacing attitude, and I ſunk ſenſeleſs before him.

"On recovering my recollection, I found myſelf on a better bed than I had been accuſtomed to in my priſon, and nobody near me but my poor Ellen. She endeavoured to appeaſe my agitated ſpirits by aſſuring me, that, from all ſhe could obſerve in the late interview, Sir Mordaunt was diſpoſed to forgive me. I dreaded however his forgiveneſs hardly leſs than his reſentment; for ſo

deep

deep was the impreſſion his injuſtice and cruelty had made, and ſo great was my abhorrence of his perſon, which I had never loved, that when, from far other motives than thoſe of real affection, he once more approached me, mingling reſentment and doubt even with his careſſes, I would gladly have returned to my dungeon, or even have ſought ſhelter in the grave, rather than have become, as I was however gradually compelled to do, the mere victim of his animal gratifications. O'Halloran was no longer at hand to inflame his jealouſy, but it had taken too deep a root ever to be eradicated: yet his paſſions were accuſtomed to be uncontrouled, and his ſuperſtition prevented him from ſeeking any other object. He had ſoon another confeſſor; and probably it was contrived by him (Father Golgota), that to reconcile Sir Mordaunt's revenge or honour with his deſire to keep me in his power, it ſhould be given out that

that I was dead; and that my child, as ſoon as it was born, ſhould be removed, and afterwards conveyed to Italy, and ſo brought up, that, if a boy, it might never interfere with the fortune of its elder brother; if a girl, paſs with my Edouarda its innocent life in a cloiſter.

"It was not difficult for all this to be contrived. Sir Mordaunt had long driven from him all his neighbours, and the very peaſants of the country avoided the houſe as the ſcene of black orgies and of horrid rites. Ellen was again diſmiſſed, and I never knew what became of her. When the hour of childbirth drew nigh, a woman attended me, who would anſwer no inquiries. I brought you, my dear Henry, into the world; but hardly was I allowed to weep over you before you were taken from me, and I found that great myſtery was obſerved in every thing that related to me. I was removed, after a little time, into the chamber where you found me; from

from whence I was never ſuffered to depart but at ſtated hours to the chapel, where I ſoon learned that prayers were actually put up for the repoſe of my ſoul.

"I had no relation, no friend, in England; hardly any connection in the world to whom I could appeal; and gradually my ſpirits ſunk into total deſpondence, and I became almoſt torpid—ſubmitting to the direction of the prieſts, and to the ill-humour or more hateful propenſities of Sir Mordaunt, as an helpleſs being who had no will or power of her own. My mind loſt its activity; my frame became enfeebled; I ſaw no eſcape but in death; and, in hopes of death, dragged on ſome years of miſerable life, till the return of my eldeſt ſon from Italy gave me once more an object which re-animated my wretched exiſtence. This dear ſon, however, I was never permitted to ſpeak to; never permitted to ſee but at a diſtance. He knew

knew not that his mother lived; and I was assured that if I made any attempt to inform him of it, I should be placed far out of the reach of ever hearing of him again. I saw him therefore joining in prayer for the mother, who, living and wretched, heard his voice, yet dared not approach and bless him. This was long one of my heaviest punishments; but Edward, my poor Edward, of too delicate a structure to bear his father's gloomy and capricious humours, drooped in this inauspicious atmosphere, and was sent back to Italy, from whence he returned in his coffin. I saw him: yes, my children, I saw him carried to the vault where I was myself supposed to sleep. I heard the De profundis sung over him; yet I dared not express the agonies of my heart; and Sir Mordaunt, grown more fierce, more cruel, from that moment seemed to have a horrid joy in witnessing my distraction, when he told me, that the spurious offspring I

had impoſed upon him being before dead, I was no longer mother of a ſon; and that my daughter I ſhould never more behold.

"It was in vain that I would have reaſoned myſelf out of the attachment that thus vainly agonized my heart, by aſking how the children of ſuch a man could be dear to me? I felt that they were ſtill my children; and on the eldeſt, as I could not love his father, all the early tenderneſs of a heart overflowing with affection had ſettled, from the very moment of his birth; and before he was taken from me, you, my lovely Edouarda, ſhared without leſſening my maternal tenderneſs. On my poor Henry, victim before his birth of ſuſpicion and injuſtice, my memory dwelt with all the anguiſh of hopeleſs fondneſs. His firſt cries were ever in my ears; the idea of his being thrown in early infancy on the mercenary care of ſtrangers, and left to periſh, a poor outcaſt orphan, was for

ever preſent to me; and without any object to call off my mind from theſe ſad contemplations, I ſunk into a kind of torpid deſpair, from whence I was never rouſed but by the violent paroxyſms of rage to which Sir Mordaunt daily became more ſubject, and which not unfrequently endangered my life. Often have I expoſed myſelf to his fury, in the hope that ſome fortunate blow would end my exiſtence and miſery together. But the Confeſſor, who was now with him, and a co-adjutor whom he procured from Rome, gradually obtained an aſcendancy over him by means of the religion to which he had always been ſo devoted. Inſenſibly, and from his own increaſing incapacity to manage the affairs of his eſtates, all fell into the hands of theſe men. The ſteward, tenants, and ſervants were all choſen and regulated by them. Golgota, who had at firſt propoſed the expedient of my being ſuppoſed dead, in order to ſave

the honour, as they ſaid, of Sir Mordaunt, had every day new reaſons to wiſh this deception might never be diſcovered; and he took his meaſures ſo well, and was by the aſcendancy he had over all the ſervants ſo enabled to ſupport any fraud he choſe to invent, that, even if there had been any one to queſtion the fact of my death, he would have found means to baffle their inquiries. But no ſuch perſon exiſted; there was not in the world a being who belonged to or was intereſted for me. My aunt was long ſince dead, and my few relations who had never known me, had no motive to give themſelves any trouble on my account. The terrific gloom which had always lowered over the houſe of Palſgrave, the myſterious air which other forms than thoſe of the eſtabliſhed religion gives to a family, and the ſuperſtition of the ignorant country people, all ſerved to aſſiſt in concealing the ſecret of my being ſtill living.

living. Such of the poor ſervants as were not entruſted with the truth, have often ſeen my ghoſt; and they have been told, when this has been revealed in confeſſion, that I was ſuffering for my breach of conjugal faith, and only occaſionally releaſed from the purgatory to which I was condemned, to viſit, as another ſpecies of puniſhment, the ſcene of my guilt.

"Conſtant vigilance on the part of thoſe who guarded me, with a total want of motive for enterpriſe on mine, gradually diminiſhed every thought of eſcape, or of changing the ſad colour of my deſtiny. Want of exerciſe, of air, of ſociety, of every hope in this life, combined to occaſion a ſort of palſy of the mind, as well as a total deprivation of bodily ſtrength. I ſometimes have been for days together hardly conſcious of my exiſtence, and ſometimes have fancied myſelf really dead, and have been ſorry, when the perſon entruſted to ſupply me

with food, or the prieſts in ſummoning me to the chapel and the confeſſional, have awakened me to ſomething like a conſciouſneſs that I ſtill was a living being, and ſtill living only to be wretched.

" Since you, my children, have been ſo wonderfully reſtored to me, new hopes have ſprung up in my heart. I now feel that Heaven has not abandoned me; that I have even in my living grave been an object of its mercy: yet with how much of apprehenſion are my fond hopes embittered! Theſe men are one or other of them always on the watch; I fear the entire poſſeſſion and management of ſo large an income as Sir Mordaunt leaves in their hands, is a temptation which their integrity cannot withſtand. The man to whoſe more immediate care Sir Mordaunt is in his moſt ungovernable moments conſigned is their creature; and though he often neglects his duty, they are unwilling to replace him

him by another on whom they might not ſo certainly rely. Ah! you know not, nor can I explain to you, all I ſuffer. But I am exhauſted; my narrative, though told by ſnatches, has perhaps been tedious to you. Now, however, that you are in poſſeſſion of its melancholy circumſtances, conſider, my dear loves, what can be done to reſtore you to your rights; and, to your unhappy father, children of whom any man may be proud. For me, I ſhall be content to linger out in obſcurity the little of life that remains; too happy if, before I really cloſe my eyes for ever, they behold you re-inſtated in your father's affection, and acknowledged as the heirs of his fortune."

Lady Falconberg ceaſed ſpeaking; and her ſon, who had with the utmoſt difficulty refrained from expreſſing the various emotions with which his boſom was agitated while he liſtened, ſaw that ſhe was too much affected, and that it

was time to lead her back to her ſolitary chamber, from which ſhe had been abſent longer than ſhe ſeemed to think was ſafe. She embraced him and Edouarda with more than uſual tenderneſs; and her ſon conducted her in ſafety to her own room, and returned unobſerved to that where Edouarda, who had checked herſelf before her mother, waited, and drowned in tears threw herſelf into his arms.

But little time, however, was allowed them to expreſs to each other the ſenſations which their mother's narrative had given them—for Rachael's ſignal was heard at the door; and on being admitted, ſhe told them, in great apparent alarm, that Sir Mordaunt had been again diſturbed by ſomething that ſhe did not clearly comprehend; that Father Galezza was come back, and ſeemed very uneaſy and out of humour; and that the ſervants imagined by what had paſſed, that Golgota, whoſe appearance

they

they particularly dreaded, had been ſent for. Rachael added, that it was ſuppoſed the diſturbance in the interior part of the houſe had ariſen, though ſhe knew not how, from the appearance of a ſtranger who had been ſeen about the houſe and park, and that ſhe trembled to think it might be Mr. Falconberg himſelf.

No time was allowed them to deliberate. Rachael entreated Mr. Falconberg to haſten away, promiſing however to attend to the uſual ſignal for Henry's admittance the next evening, if no circumſtances aroſe to make it dangerous. On that evening they hoped to meet Lady Falconberg again, and conſult with her on the means of delivering themſelves, as well the mother as the children, from the ſtrange and comfortleſs ſituation they were now in.

As nothing intervened that renewed the alarm, Henry Falconberg, impatient

to communicate to his mother and ſiſter the reſult of his reflections, was exact to his appointment; was admitted as uſual; and as uſual haſtened to the apartment of Lady Falconberg, whom he tenderly ſupported and encouraged, while ſhe tremblingly clung to his arm, and in a faint whiſper told him "ſhe knew not why, but a ſtrange heavineſs hung upon her." Fear more diſtreſſing than uſual preſſed upon her heart and agitated her nerves, and it was with difficulty, even with his aſſiſtance, that ſhe was able to traverſe the rooms between her own and that where they uſually met. There Edouarda waited at the door, and the moment her mother ſaw her ſhe threw her arms around her, and fell into a paſſion of tears. The ſpirits of Lady Falconberg appeared then to be relieved; and her ſon holding hers and his ſiſter's hands, which he tenderly preſſed to his heart, endeavoured at once

to

to appeaſe their apprehenſions for the preſent, and to repreſent the poſſibility of their enjoying happier days for the future; when ſuddenly this affectionate conference was interrupted by a violent noiſe, as of a man in the moſt furious tranſports of rage. Hardly had they time to expreſs to each other the terrors they felt, before Sir Mordaunt burſt into the room. His diſtorted countenance was pale with rage, his haggard eyes flaſhed fire; in his hand he brandiſhed ſome offenſive weapon, and in a terrific voice he exclaimed, "Where is the villain? he who dares break into my houſe? who inſolently forces himſelf into my notice, and intends to rob me, under colour of pretending to a child I diſclaim?" His furious looks then fixed on young Falconberg, who had thrown himſelf before his mother and ſiſter. He advanced towards him, and with the iron inſtrument he held ſtruck him ſo ſudden and violent a blow on the temple, that

Henry Falconberg fell ſenſeleſs, and to all appearance dead, at his feet.

Lady Falconberg now forgot every thing but the anguiſh inflicted by this ſight, and her indignation againſt the cruel monſter who had occaſioned it. She threw herſelf on the ground by her murdered ſon, loudly declaring who he was; reproaching Heaven, and execrating his murderer. The wretched maniac, whoſe diabolic paſſions were now rouſed to the wildeſt degree of phrenſy, would very probably have repeated the blow on her or his defenceleſs daughter, who, endeavouring to excite his compaſſion by proſtrating herſelf before him, lay more than half dead on the floor, lifting her imploring hands, unable to ſpeak; but his keeper, through whoſe negligence he had eſcaped, now hurried into the apartment, and by force withheld him. His efforts, however, to commit farther violence on his miſerable family were ſo great, that a blood-veſſel burſt

burſt in his lungs; and, as he was torn from the ſcene of murder by the attendants, his raving was half ſtifled by the blood which ſtreamed on the floor.

Galezza, pale and affrighted, now appeared. He had the air of a man conſcious that the ſight of woe he beheld was owing in ſome degree to himſelf; yet he had no preſence of mind to attempt any thing for the relief of the ſufferers. Lady Falconberg hung over the bleeding body of her ſon. She now ſhrieked out that he lived; now in a hollow and tremulous voice deplored his death, juſt as he was reſtored to her—at the very moment when ſhe had found ſomething that might ſweeten to her an exiſtence rendered for many years ſo wretched. Edouarda, with glazed eyes and trembling lips, livid and refuſing to articulate, ſtood near them both; ſhe would have ſpoken of hope, of comfort, ſhe would have tried to propoſe ſome remedy, but no hope was in her heart;

not

not even when ſhe ſaw Henry's eyes ſlowly open, and look on her and her mother as if life and recollection were returning. The ſtruggle was ſhort; he gazed for a moment on both of them; an expreſſion of ſatisfaction was viſible even amid the agonies of death on his countenance. He made a ſlight motion with his hand, as if to recommend his mother to Edouarda, and died.

Exceſs of horror, when ſhe recollected that her father was the murderer of her brother, now mingled itſelf with her grief, with fears for her mother, and every terrific apprehenſion that could at once overwhelm her. Yet did Edouarda ſtill retain ſome preſence of mind; and approaching Galezza, who with haſty ſtrides continued to traverſe the room, ſhe would have beſought his aſſiſtance to carry Lady Falconberg to her own room: but the fierceneſs of his look, as he ſhook from his arm her ſupplicating hand, added to her acute diſtreſs,

treſs, and ſhe fled from him to ſee what ſervants could be perſuaded to aſſiſt her. Not one was left but Rachael, who was now ſupporting the head of the miſerable mother, who ſeemed to have loſt the ſenſe of her calamity, and was become as cold as the corſe on which ſhe reſted. Rachael, though more dead than alive, underſtood what Edouarda wiſhed, and they together tried to raiſe Lady Falconberg; but their ſtrength was wholly unequal to ſupporting her, and in the attempt they ſunk together to the ground, where in a few moments they were aroused by the terrific voice of Golgota.

This man, ever the dread of the whole houſehold, now addreſſed himſelf to Edouarda; and without feeling or pity for the deplorable condition in which he ſaw her, he began to reproach her for the diſaſter which had happened. "You, Miſs Falconberg," ſaid he, "you, not content with forcing your-

ſelf

ſelf into a houſe where your preſence was every way improper, have introduced ſtrangers, who have irritated your father's inſanity into fury. Some little inadvertence on the part of the perſons who have the care of him, and my unfortunate abſence, have given theſe people opportunities of moleſting him; and you ſee the fatal conſequence. Here is murder! murder for which you muſt be anſwerable if inquiry ſhould be made into it, for to your indiſcretion, Madam, it has been ſolely owing."

"He was my brother!" ſighed Edouarda.—"And the other man, he who has thrice contrived to intrude himſelf into Sir Mordaunt's preſence, was he, Madam, alſo your brother?" Edouarda knew not what he meant; a deep groan burſt from her oppreſſed heart, but ſhe had no power to anſwer. Her mother's continued inſenſibility called upon her for all the exertion ſhe was able to make:

make: ſhe chafed her temples and her hands; tried now to awaken her to life and conſciouſneſs; and now, envying a ſtupor ſo much peferrable to the anguiſh ſhe herſelf felt, deſiſted; then, after a moment's recollection, again implored Rachael to try to remove her mother from a place where, when ſhe again opened her eyes, the firſt object that met them would be the pale and mangled countenance of her murdered ſon!

Golgota, as if ſuddenly ſtruck with ſome new apprehenſion affecting his own ſafety, hurried out of the room; Galezza and the ſervants, who had eagerly crowded in, had all left it before. Edouarda collected reſolution enough to beſeech Rachael to go and try if nobody could be prevailed upon to come to lead Lady Falconberg to her room. Rachael, however unwilling to leave her, yet conſented at her earneſt entreaty, and Edouarda was left alone with

with her dead brother and her dying mother.

It was almoſt dark: the little light afforded by the windows fell on the ghaſtly faces of the only two beings ſhe had ever been permitted to love. One, if ſhe yet lived, would return to a ſenſe of her exiſtence only to execrate the hour of her birth: the other, ſo lately blooming in hope, and youth, and health, and courage, was gone for ever, and deprived of his being by the author of it.

"Oh, God!" cried Edouarda, as her ſtunned faculties ſlowly returned, "Oh God, thy ways are inſcrutable; thy afflicted creatures ſuffer, but are forbidden to complain. Was ever miſery equal to mine? Yet how have I deſerved to be ſo very a wretch? Yet, what have I done, what has my poor perſecuted mother done, that we are thus overwhelmed? And thou, my brother! my Henry!—" Grief then choked her utterance; yet

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it was not the grief that produces tears: her eyes were dry and fixed, her mouth parched, and her reſpiration difficult. She felt as if ſhe were herſelf dying, and moſt ardently deſired it might be ſo if her life was not neceſſary to her mother.

A long, a dreary interval, involved in total darkneſs, the unhappy Edouarda ſat ſupporting her mother's head on her ſhoulder, with one arm round her waiſt, while with the other ſhe now and then tried to diſcover if any pulſe intimated returning life. Once her hand touched the already clay-cold cheek of her brother, and ſtarting and ſhuddering ſhe haſtily withdrew it.

Increaſing darkneſs and ſilence aggravated all the horrors of her ſituation. Lady Falconberg breathed not; no pulſation of the heart could be felt, and Edouarda concluded that ſhe too was dead. At length a confuſed murmur was heard below; then a number of men

ſpoke

ſpoke together, as contending eagerly and angrily, and Edouarda even imagined ſhe diſtinguiſhed the voice of her father. The ſounds approached, they were at the door, and a number of perſons with lights were in the room. It was a ſcene of new diſtreſs to the unhappy Edouarda, who, from her ignorance of the painful conſequences of a circumſtance in itſelf ſo dreadful, could not comprehend what was the buſineſs of the Coroner and his attendants, who now entered. More than half inſenſible, ſhe was utterly incapable of anſwering the queſtions which the man who had authority to make them, a rude and unfeeling attorney, reſiding in a town about four miles diſtant, thought himſelf authoriſed to put to her. His examination of her bleeding brother, and his inquiry as to her mother, who, without apparent life, was again ſupported by Rachael, contributed to overwhelm the unfortunate ſufferer with confuſion and anguiſh;

anguiſh; and the ſcene would have ended in a total deprivation of the little conſciouſneſs that remained to her, had not another party, and of another deſcription, entered the room, before whom the myrmidons of the law gave way in reſpectful deference.

A gentleman about fifty, of very reſpectable appearance, approached the miſerable group: he took the half lifeleſs hand of Edouarda; he ſpoke to her in accents of kindneſs, ſuch as ſhe had not lately heard. She looked up; his face expreſſed benignity and compaſſion, and an half conſcious preſſure, which her trembling hand made on that of the ſtranger as he would have raiſed her up, ſeemed to expreſs her hope that ſhe had found a friend. He gave orders for the removal of Lady Falconberg to her own room; and gently intimated to her wretched daughter, that it would be better for her alſo to go, as well as to aſſiſt in whatever it might be neceſſary to do for Lady Falconberg, as to eſcape the unplea-

unpleaſant converſation that muſt unavoidably paſs in regard to the dreadful cataſtrophe which had juſt happened. Edouarda was incapable of remark or reſiſtance; ſhe was raiſed from the ground, and by ſigns, for ſhe was unable to ſpeak, ſeemed to implore the attention of the aſſiſtants towards her mother; and caſting on the body of poor Henry an agonizing look, ſhe was turning to follow thoſe who were ſupporting Lady Falconberg, when ſhe was rouſed from the torpor of grief by a new object. A young man, pale, diſhevelled, and held with difficulty by ſome people about him, appeared at the door of the room. "I *will* ſee her," cried he, ſtruggling to eſcape from thoſe who confined him; "I will implore her pardon, I will die before her; but I cannot die till I have obtained her forgiveneſs." The elder gentleman appeared ſhocked, and haſtily approached the young man. "I inſiſt," ſaid he, "on your being calm. Would you add to the diſtreſs of ſuch a ſcene?"

—"Oh,

—"Oh, God!" exclaimed the young ſtranger, "it is to me the ſcene is owing. It is I, wretch that I am, who have been the death of that poor young man! It is I who have murdered Lady Falconberg! It is I who have deſtroyed her daughter!" The aſtoniſhment of the perſons aſſembled could be equalled only by the diſtreſs evident in the countenance and manner of the elder ſtranger, who now entreated, now argued; while Edouarda, who had remained motionleſs at the beginning of the ſcene, was ſuddenly, as the agitated ſtranger approached nearer to her, ſtruck with the idea of having ſeen him before; but when or how he could be intereſted in any thing that related to her ſhe was in no condition to recollect. Mr. Hartington, who evidently ſuffered for the ſtate in which he ſaw the perſon laſt arrived, attempted in vain to argue with or reſtrain him, for he ſeemed rather irritated than appeaſed by the interpoſition

of

of thoſe about him; and ſpringing ſuddenly from them, he cried, "Argue not with me, confine me not, my uncle—Oh! rather puniſh and reproach me. Had I taken your advice, had I reſtrained my unfortunate, my guilty paſſion!—Angel of heaven," continued he, throwing himſelf wildly on the ground before Edouarda, "angel of heaven, look with pity on your murderer, though he deſerves only your curſes, your indignation!" The words, the ſuddenneſs of the action, and the phrenetic eagerneſs with which Edouarda felt her hands ſeized, and held to the burning eyes of the diſtracted object before her, completely overcame the little remaining ſtrength of the unhappy young woman, and ſhe ſunk as lifeleſs as her whom ſhe had been ſupporting.

Mr. Hartington then ſeverely reproving his nephew, directed the mother and daughter to be carried to their apartments, and carefully attended; while

while he himſelf collected all his preſence of mind to end the diſtreſſing ſcene of legal inquiry, which neither of them was in a condition to witneſs.

It was uot difficult to aſcertain that Sir Mordaunt Falconberg had long been in a ſtate of inſanity. The teſtimony of the two prieſts, which was with great difficulty extorted from them, proved alſo that the youth who lay before them was a young Italian, who called himſelf his ſon, but whom Sir Mordaunt not only did not acknowledge to be ſo, but whom he had never ſeen till the fatal moment when the young man periſhed by his hand.

The younger Mr. Hartington, who had become during this time a little more collected, now came forward. "It was owing to me," cried he, "that this dreadful cataſtrophe has happened. Some weeks ago I accidentally met Miſs Falconberg at a little diſtance from the park. The ſingularity of her dreſs in

ſuch a place, and her uncommon beauty, aſtoniſhed while they attracted me. I made ſeveral efforts to ſee her again during my ſhort reſidence afterwards in this part of the country, but never could meet her; and as my uncle was extremely averſe from the attempt, and potively refuſed to interfere for me, I left his houſe after my uſual ſtay, and returned to London.

"But the image of Miſs Falconberg perpetually purſued me; I ſaw only her. Her wretched ſituation ſtimulated the romantic Quixotiſm of my diſpoſition; and the charms of her perſon, as well as knowledge of the ſplendid fortune to which ſhe was, as I imagined, heireſs, continually heated my imagination; and I returned to my uncle's ſeat at Heythwaite, reſolved to carry my ſcheme into execution; but to conceal it from Mr. Hartington, whoſe approbation was not, I found, to be obtained.

"I endeavoured in vain to intereſt

the directors of Sir Mordaunt's conſcience in my favour. Their reaſons for refuſing every advance were eaſily underſtood. I was, however, more ſucceſsful with one of the keepers who attended him, though he was their creature, and I ſoon found means to make my intereſt outweigh that of his original employers.

"I had always, in common with the whole country, believed that Sir Mordaunt was leſs mad than they wiſhed to have him thought, and I was vain enough to imagine that I could reſtore him to reaſon and to liberty, if once I obtained an audience. It was ſome time before I could make this hazardous attempt. The firſt time Sir Mordaunt drove me away unheard; and the paroxyſm of rage into which he was thrown by the ſight of a ſtranger, ought to have deterred me from making the experiment again. I found however that he did not know his daughter was in his

houſe; and for myſelf, irritated to a degree of reſentment againſt the monks, whoſe deſigns appeared to be of the darkeſt kind, I redoubled my bribes and promiſes to the attendant. The man loved drink, and the money I gave him enabled him to ſupply himſelf ſo liberally, that I at laſt found, a few days ago, the opportunity I ſought. I ſaw Sir Mordaunt in a comparatively calm interval. I ventured to tell him what I thought had been concealed from the worſt motives. He heard me with more calmneſs than I expected; though his eyes, as I continued to ſpeak, glared wildly upon me. I imputed ſome part of his ſingular manner to doubts of my veracity, and I named to him the part of the houſe which I knew his daughter inhabited. He ſtarted franticly from me, and his keeper entered; at whoſe ſignal I retired. I have ſince learned that a violent fit of paſſion followed, from which the wretched man had never,

I now

I now find, entirely been recovered; that the prieſt Galezza was alarmed at his incoherent raving about a ſtranger, and an application relative to his baniſhed daughter, and ſharply queſtioned the keeper; who being a brutal fellow reſented his remonſtrance, and very high words had ariſen; in conſequence of which the man had inſiſted on his diſmiſſion, and had ſuddenly left the unfortunate maniac to the care of whoever Galezza could find—and inadequately was that care exerciſed. The miſerable man, having, with that retentive memory ſo remarkable in lunatics, recollected all I had told him, broke from his new guard, and ruſhed to the apartment of his daughter; where taking his unknown ſon for me, who was become the object of his abhorrence, this cruel ſcene followed."

The unhappy ſelf-accuſed Hartington here ended in a faltering voice his melancholy relation. It tallied too well

with the cataſtrophe; but reproaches were uſeleſs. The forms were now ſoon gone through. There was no doubt of the deranged ſtate of Sir Mordaunt's mind, and nothing more could be done than more ſtrictly to confine him. Every precaution of that ſort, however, was ſoon rendered unneceſſary. Sir Mordaunt, whoſe ſhrieks and ravings could not be appeaſed, was choked by his own blood in about two hours after he had been the murderer of his ſon!

When Mr. Hartington was appriſed of this, he felt himſelf called upon, as the neareſt magiſtrate, to protect the property of the poor deſolate women, Lady Falconberg and her daughter; and he ſent for Golgota and Galezza, and explained to them his intentions. The former reſolutely oppoſed it; he called himſelf the friend of the deceaſed gentleman; denied that any one had a right to interfere in the affairs of that houſe; and ſpoke in ſo high and inſolent a tone, that

that Mr. Hartington, mild as he naturally was, was compelled to remind him of laws which, however obſolete or paſſed over through the liberality of this country, ought ſtill to be recollected; and if there was an evident neceſſity for it, he added, that they ſhould ſtill be enforced. Golgota retired, ſwelling with impotent revenge, but Galezza appeared diſconcerted, and even terrified, and ſeemed rather deſirous of conciliating the favour than irritating the anger of a man who he knew had the power to call them both to a ſevere account.

The younger Hartington, overwhelmed with anguiſh and remorſe, was with difficulty perſuaded, or rather commanded, by his uncle, to return home; while that benevolent man himſelf, having given the proper orders relative to the dead, and put his ſeals on the places where any articles of value were ſuppoſed to be, went to the apartment whither Lady Falconberg had been carried.

He found her on her bed, ſurrounded by female ſervants who were utterly ignorant what to do. Mr. Hartington diſpatched a meſſenger for the neareſt medical aſſiſtance, and then endeavoured to awaken Edouarda from the ſtate of torpid grief, in which, with eyes fixed on her mother, and apparently inſenſible of every thing elſe, ſhe remained kneeling at the bed-ſide. But even the voice of reaſon, of compaſſionate tenderneſs, was now unheard. Edouarda looked at him with heavy eyes, that appeared not to behold the object on which they gazed. His words were loſt upon her. She turned from him, and, waving one hand to bid him go, touched with the other the pale temples of Lady Falconberg; and then, as if ſhocked to find no appearance of returning life, ſhuddered, and relapſed into motionleſs and ſilent deſpair.

A ſurgeon from a neighbouring town now arrived. He proceeded to bleed Lady

Lady Falconberg. A few drops of blood were with difficulty obtained, and ſhe opened her eyes. Her memory ſeemed to return; and Edouarda, who had now an object to rouſe her, gave her, though without being able to ſpeak, a cordial which the ſurgeon had brought. But, as if the recollection of her unexampled woes returned with too much ſtrength for ſo feeble a frame, a frame already exhauſted by long years of undeſerved anguiſh, the poor ſufferer ſoon ſunk again into the ſame languid condition, and, after continuing with little variation in that ſtate for three days, breathed her laſt in the arms of Edouarda.

Mr. Hartington, deeply intereſted for the unhappy young woman, had continued in the houſe; and now that her mother was no longer in need of her attendance, he thought the beſt way would be to take her from a ſcene where ſhe had ſuffered ſuch miſery. Edouarda,

who appeared to liſten more to Rachael than to any other perſon, was convinced that Lady Falconberg was dead; yet ſhe ſtill affected to diſbelieve it, that ſhe might not be removed. At length, however, exhauſted by watching and grief, ſhe became unable to reſiſt the gentle importunity of her new-found protector, and ſuffered herſelf to be placed in his coach, and, attended by Rachael, to be removed to Heythwaite, from whence Mr. Hartington had ordered his nephew to depart before her arrival.

He himſelf attended to the melancholy ceremony of depoſiting the remains of the unhappy maniac, his wife, and their ſon, in the vault beneath the chapel. Golgota quitted the houſe, declaring his reſolution to do himſelf juſtice againſt the intruſion of Mr. Hartington, who however totally diſregarded his menaces. Galezza, more timid or more prudent, officiated at the ſad office, and willingly acceded to Mr. Harting-

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ton's deſire, who entreated that all this fatal tranſaction might be as much as poſſible concealed from the neighbourhood, and that no circumſtance that could poſſibly be hid ſhould be divulged. The gentlemen of the ſurrrounding country, (none of whom except Mr. Hartington reſided within ten miles,) had not been in habits of communication with Palſgrave, and many of them ſeldom reſident in the country, while others felt no intereſt in what related to a family whom they conſidered as hardly ranking among their countrymen; while moſt of the labourers or other perſons of inferior rank were Catholics, the converts of the prieſts; and they were prevented by fear as well as intereſt from ſpeaking of the little which, by means of the ſervants, was circulated among them.

The ſole ſurvivor of the unhappy family was received by a maiden ſiſter of Mr. Hartington with as much appear-

ance of tenderneſs as ſhe was capable of putting on; but ſhe was one of thoſe perſons whoſe faith in her own perſuaſion greatly exceeded her charity. She did not love Edouarda; for ſhe was young and beautiful, and ſuppoſed to be of another religion. Of feelings ſuch as tore the heart of the unfortunate girl, at ſo diſtreſſing a moment, Mrs. Honora Hartington had no idea; and her brother, more kind and diſcerning, ſoon perceived that the kindeſt thing he could do towards his mourning gueſt would be to leave her as much alone as poſſible. He had ſagacity enough to perceive that her underſtanding was naturally of a ſuperior order, above either common-place conſolation or mechanical civility. Edouarda therefore ſuffered no other importunity than what he was himſelf under the painful neceſſity of giving her. It was requiſite that he ſhould know if ſhe had any friends or relations, who could undertake the management

ment of her fortune; and the weeping Edouarda then related to him the few and melancholy incidents of her ſhort life. Mr. Hartington in his turn beſought her attention to the relation he gave of the means uſually adopted in this country for the ſecurity of the property of minors; and Edouarda putting herſelf wholly into his hands, he immediately proceeded to make her a ward of the Court of Chancery; while the only ſentiment which yet animated her ſad exiſtence was that of gratitude towards him for the generous care he took of her.

Two mournful months had paſſed before Edouarda could enough recover herſelf to conſider what ſhould be her future deſtination. The country where ſhe had ſo cruelly ſuffered was hateful to her, nor had ſhe one motive to induce her to ſtay in it. But being now a ward of the Court, it was not without difficulty

culty ſhe obtained leave to go to Italy; where, though ſhe had now no friends, for her mother's relations were long ſince removed, ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be leſs wretched than in England; and diminution of miſery rather than attainment of content was all ſhe was permitted to hope for—though in the bloom of early youth, poſſeſſed of an uncommon ſhare of perſonal beauty, and of a fortune which, under other circumſtances, would have given her a right to look forward to thoſe ſituations where the utmoſt degree of human happineſs is ſuppoſed to be found.

While Edouarda continued an inmate in his houſe, Mr. Hartington forbore with the moſt cautious delicacy to name his nephew. But when ſhe was in London waiting for the few preparations neceſſary to her departure for the continent, the younger Hartington ventured to write to her; and deploring the ſhare his

his unfortunate intruſion might have had in the dreadful calamity that had befallen her, he ſolicited in the humbleſt terms to be heard—imagining probably that Edouarda, like moſt other women, would be induced to pardon any error which could be imputed to the effect of her charms. But in this he was miſtaken: ſhe anſwered him in words ſo calm, yet ſo determined, that his hopes were conſiderably depreſſed, and at length entirely cruſhed, when he received from his uncle a copy of Miſs Falconberg's letter to him on the ſubject, expreſſing the moſt invincible averſion to the ſight of Mr. Edmund Hartington, and entreating of him, as the greateſt friendſhip he could now ſhew her, to prevent her ever being diſtreſſed by the ſight of his nephew.

Golgota and Galezza, to whom, with their original introductor into the family, O'Halloran, all the miſery that followed

followed was owing, ſeemed to be convinced that the laſt object on which they intended to prey, had eſcaped as ſoon as ſhe was taken under the protection of Engliſh law. The former, who had accumulated immenſe ſums, was made ſuperior of his order, and has ſince become a cardinal. Galezza returned alſo to his own country, and enriched his family as well as his convent with the ſpoils gathered in England; and theſe men have ways of ſatisfying their conſciences, and have no ſcruples as to the means by which money, and conſequently another ſource of power, is acquired. Yet, but for the influence they had gained over the weak mind and wild paſſions of Sir Mordaunt, he would never have been driven from violence and ſuſpicion to phrenſy, and from phrenſy to murder. The unhappy Lady Falconberg, whoſe wretched life was terminated by a death ſo deplorable, was

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ſtill more their victim. The conſtitutional infirmities of the unhappy man over whoſe conſcience they had obtained an aſcendancy, made Lady Falconberg's life neceſſary—while the conviction of her guilt, never eradicated from the gloomy and vindictive mind of her huſband, deprived her of every power over it, and made her the helpleſs object of his hideous paſſions. The eldeſt of her children dead, the other two baniſhed, none remained to intercept the views of the prieſts; and nothing could be more unwelcome to them than the arrival of Edouarda, whoſe removal they had inceſſantly ſtudied, and in whom they had beheld with fear and indignation that diſpoſition to think for herſelf, which they foreſaw might at ſome time or other overthrow all their machinations.

When the mind of Edouarda had a little recovered from the torpor of the ſcenes

ſcenes of horror ſhe had witneſſed, the ceremonies of the people among whom ſhe lived, their blind bigotry, and diſguſting mixture of profligacy and ſuperſtition, made her reflect more ſeriouſly on the tenets in which ſhe had been brought up; and the conviction that to their religious prejudices all the calamities of her family had been owing, aſſiſted her natural good ſenſe to ſhake off entirely the yoke that had been impoſed upon her. Italy became diſagreeable to her; and after ſome time, during which ſhe travelled into Switzerland, ſhe fixed her reſidence at Lauſanne.

Young, lovely, and affluent, Edouarda had many offers of marriage; but ſhe diſmiſſed all her lovers in terms ſo decided, that hardly any of them ventured to make a ſecond application. Ideas of her father's malady, and the ſhocking cataſtrophe it had led to, were ever preſent to her. She could not bear

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to ſuppoſe that ſhe might tranſmit ſuch a deranged intellect to her poſterity; and in philoſophic retirement, with books, and two or three friends whom ſhe occaſionally ſaw, ſhe endeavoured to endure a life, from which her early misfortunes had taken every hope of domeſtic happineſs in the boſom of a family of her own.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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Extract from the MONTHLY REVIEW, *Dec.* 1798.